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CHRONICLE

The War.—With the capture of Brest-Litovsk, the pivotal Russian position, on August 26, the second line of the Russian defense, was destroyed by the persistent German offensive. Grodno still holds out, the last of the old line of fortresses. Immediately succeeding the fall of Brest-Litovsk the objective of the Austro-German campaign, to divide the Russian army and entrap large sections of it, developed with additional force. German armies are pushing toward Frederickstadt and Vilna on the north; east of Brest-Litovsk they have forced the Russians into retreat through the Bialowieska Forest and the Pripet Marshes; and at two places further south, Kovel and in the region of Tarnopol, they are reported to have broken the long Russian line so that the parts are no longer able to cooperate with one another. The Austrians on the extreme south in the Zlota-Lipa region of Eastern Galicia, after three months’ quiet, have suddenly resumed activity and are forcing the Russians from their last stand on Austrian territory. Each of the three divisions of the Russian army has a single line of railroad still open to them, though all three lines are in danger, especially the one on the north to Petrograd. Should the Russians be successful in escaping this manifold German attack, they will reform their armies, so it is conjectured, along a third line of defense extending from Riga in the far north, southwest to Dvinsk, and then approximately due south through Vilna, Lida, Pinsk, Rovno to Kamenetz-Podolsk, near the far northern border of Roumania.

The United States Government is more hopeful of a peaceful settlement of the difficulty with Germany ensuing from the loss of American lives in the sinking of

*“Satisfaction”
for the Arabic*

the Arabic. This brighter outlook is due to assurances given to Washington by the German Ambassador von Bernstorff, speaking for Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, German Imperial Chancellor, that his Government will give complete satisfaction if the commander of a German submarine exceeded his instructions in attacking the Arabic. It is hoped further that out of the understanding with regard to the Lusitania, and a guarantee on the part of Germany for the safeguarding of American lives in the future on the sea. Whether, however, the German satisfaction will be made to depend in any sense upon the future course of our policy toward Great Britain with regard to the freedom of the seas and the blockade of Germany is a development awaited with special concern.

What the settlement of the Balkan crisis will be is still uncertain. It was reported that Serbia had notified Italy that she would agree to the Bulgarian demands for Macedonian territory, but the report lacks

Events in the East

sufficient confirmation; and Greece, like Italy, is reported to have objected to Turkey against Turkish prohibition of Greek colonists departing from Asia Minor. Neither Bulgaria nor Roumania has altered its neutral position. The hope of the Allies, and especially Russia’s hope of aid in armaments, is centered on the Dardanelles. Victory there would counterbalance the losses in Poland, and doubtless have great influence toward winning the Balkans to the side of the Allies. The hope, however, is based mainly upon the Turks’ reported lack of ammunition and arms. The English at Suvla Bay have not yet succeeded in their effort to break the Turkish line of communication with Constantinople, and as far as is definitely known the Italians have not yet arrived with reinforcements.

Belgium.—The population of Belgium is at present divided as follows according to Mr. Pauwels, director of the office of Belgian information. There are 7,000,000 inhabitants in Belgium and 750,000

Scattered People out of the country. In Holland there are 200,000 Belgian refugees, 180,000 in England and 160,000 in France; 400,000 Belgians are with the colors. Fifty Belgian orphans are under the care of the Sisters of the Annunciation of Antwerp, at the beautiful estate of Lord and Lady Cheylesmore, in England, where a convent school has been opened. The endeavor is to make the convent self-supporting by the execution of needle work for which the nuns are well-known. The problem before the different committees in charge of refugees in England is to place the great number of children in school. The famous old grammar schools of the country are open to Belgian boys, through the kindness of their directors, but in most cases Protestantism plays a prominent part in the day's régime, obligatory prayer, chapel service, etc., so the situation is a hard one for the little Belgian Catholics. It is a strange vagary of fate that most of these schools were religious foundations seized by the Government in Reformation days. Glasgow has worked out a partial solution of this problem by founding an elementary school for Belgian children. A zealous Redemptorist inaugurated the plan, the Jesuits lent the building and furnished it with the help of the Notre Dame Sisters. At present about 100 boys and girls are enrolled under the care of Belgian Sisters, and hopes are entertained that assistance will be given by the Government.

Great Britain.—Sir Edward Grey, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has issued a rejoinder to the speech delivered by Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg before the Reichstag. The Minister deals at length with the Chancellor's accusation that Belgium, in conjunction with Great Britain, had long plotted the downfall of Germany. Referring to the conversation said to have taken place between a Belgian official and a British military attaché, and published by Germany last fall to prove that Great Britain was trafficking in the neutrality of Belgium, the Minister writes:

But this record bears on the face of it that it referred only to the contingency of Belgium being attacked; that the entry of the British into Belgium would take place only after the violation of Belgian territory by Germany; and that it did not commit the British Government. No convention or agreement existed between the British and the Belgian Governments. Let it be remembered that the first use made by Germany of the Belgian document was to charge Belgium with bad faith to Germany. What is the true story?

Sir Edward then refers to Germany's note of July 29, 1914, asking the neutrality of Great Britain in case Belgium were invaded, and promising future Belgian independence, as a "bribe."

On the outbreak of the war the German Chancellor described the Belgian treaty as a scrap of paper, and the German Foreign Secretary, Herr von Jagow, explained that Germany must go through Belgium to attack France because she could not take the time to do otherwise. . . . In the Reichstag too, on August 4, 1914, the German Chancellor stated, in referring to the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg: "The wrong, I speak openly, the wrong we thereby commit we will make good as soon as our military aims have been attained. The violation of Belgian neutrality was therefore deliberate, although Germany had actually guaranteed that neutrality. Surely there has been nothing more despicably mean than to attempt to justify it, *ex post-facto*, by bringing against the innocent, inoffensive Belgian Government and people the totally false charge of having plotted against Germany."

The Minister then appeals to his speech of August, 1914, to show that Great Britain, far from having devoted her energies to a preparation for war against Germany, felt that she was sure to suffer "and suffer terribly whether we are in it or whether we stand outside." Germany, in the Minister's opinion might have averted the war, since England was ready to cooperate "with any medium of mediation which Germany might have suggested." Germany, according to her claim, is seeking freedom, but it is a freedom which means the subjection of all Europe. England and the Allies must therefore fight "for the right to live not under German supremacy, but in real freedom and safety."

Holland.—The London correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* gives an account of his interview with Mr. Churchill on England's attitude toward the Netherlands, which the press of Germany censures severely, claiming that Germany has avoided the slightest violation of Dutch neutrality. The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* declares:

Germany has most scrupulously respected Dutch neutrality, thereby giving tit for tat, because Holland . . . did not listen to the English tempter. Holland really remained neutral. An absolutely neutral Holland is a valuable flank protection for Germany. On the other hand, the "unnatural" state at the mouth of the Scheldt is more than a beauty defect on the British picture of the future of Europe, and the fortifications of Flushing are even a detestable blemish.

Strengthening of the Dutch fleet is urged by the Dutch press, and the submarine is lauded as an effective defensive craft, in the light of German achievements during the war. Pleas are made for aerial scouts to look after the approaches to the Dutch coast. According to the *Courant* the colonies in the tropics must be defended by submarines, mine layers, torpedo cruisers and destroyers, as aeroplanes cannot be relied upon in the tropics. Holland is awake to her interests in other directions too, for Mr. Louis Regout, Secretary of Rivers and Harbors in the late cabinet, has been appointed permanent Ambassador to the Holy See. On the suppression of the embassy in 1871, his father volunteered to defray all expenses in case the Government would agree

to continue its representation at the Vatican. The generous offer was rejected by the then liberal administration.

India.—It is known that the Indian Government has been stricter in dealing with the alien question since the war began than the Home Government has been. Now

*Internment
of Missionaries*

the cry has been raised in different Indian papers calling for universal internment. An English missionary stated in the *Madras Mail* that the expulsion of all German missionaries will be welcomed by the greater number of the other missionaries in India. Needless to add he is voicing the sentiments of the Protestants, and not considering the views of the Catholic missionaries who form a large proportion of the whole. Father Ernest R. Hull, S.J., the English editor of the *Bombay Examiner*, undertakes the defense of the German Jesuits in India, forty-four of whom have been interned, saying: "The whole treatment springs entirely from my intimate knowledge of the German Fathers both personally and in their work, extending over more than twelve years, during which I have had exceptional opportunities of forming a judgment."

In dealing with the internment question, the writer reviews the work of the German Jesuits in India, as a reason why in the interests of the Commonwealth it may seem desirable to leave these priests at liberty to continue their labors, and then glances at the character, reputation and antecedents of the Fathers, as a reason why they can be safely left unmolested, keeping in view the Indian Government's own political interests. To sum up the work of the German Jesuits, it must be noted that by 1850 the educational movement was in full swing for Europeans and Indians, yet the fact remains that Catholics were not at all in the running. One of the evils that Bishop Hartmann (1850-1858) had to face was a complete want of educational institutions for Catholics. According to this prelate Catholics were ashamed to appear as such, "so deeply sunk were not only the public Divine service, but spiritual life among the clergy and religious feeling among the laity." The remedy to be applied was education, and the German Fathers were called into the field. They opened St. Mary's and St. Francis Xavier's. There are today more than 1,000 students at St. Francis Xavier's, and more than 500 in St. Mary's. However, the German Fathers did not confine themselves to Bombay. Taking a general survey of the educational field we find as a result of the zeal of the German Jesuits that India has 210 schools with an enrollment of 12,000 pupils, boys and girls, the Jesuits having five schools with an attendance at present of more than 3,600 pupils, and a total enrollment since the schools were opened of 48,375.

Father Hull pointedly remarks that to intern disinterested and devoted men who are performing humanitarian work which the Government must confess itself unable to achieve, looks very much like kicking a faithful

dog in the very act of licking its owner's hand! Does not the fact that these educated men who came to India to devote themselves to the wretched offscourings of creation, make one ashamed to attribute to them any motive which would make them a menace to the political interests of Britain? Those who are doing their best to bring about a general internment of all German subjects, are simply striking a death blow at the general educational and philanthropic work of the Colony.

Ireland.—Speaking at Thurles last month on the increase of the war budget, Mr. John Dillon declared that "Even without malice those taxes might bear heavily upon

Irish Aspirations Ireland, because the Chancellor of the Exchequer has told me personally more than once, that when drafting

his budget he forgets about Ireland and thinks only of Great Britain." A Dublin paper remarks on this statement, that Ireland is only particularly remembered when it suits the Predominant Partner's purpose. Ireland has already made immense sacrifices in the interest of the Allies; there can be no question of disloyalty if she seeks to adapt the financial burdens to her own conditions, for the problem of taxation increased a hundredfold overshadows the future of national enterprise. She has borne the 1914 budget, severe as it was, without a murmur. A claim to exemption from increased taxation should be made at once, according to *New Ireland*. The autumn national campaign is being carried on week by week, and in the opinion of the *Weekly Freeman* the country is at one with the Irish leaders and the Irish Party, and is certain to cooperate with them in freeing Ireland from Castle rule that has been her ruin for so long a time. The Archbishop of Cashel, speaking to the Convention of Tipperary said: "There are anxious times before us, but we are confident that our National Parliament will be opened in College Green if we adhere to the men and the means that have brought us within sight of victory. The men are the Irish Parliamentary Party and the means are our own party organizations." These words, in the opinion of the *Freeman*, state the whole case completely, clearly and tersely. They point out the one way for Ireland's getting what she wants. According to this paper if the Orange faction were asked what would please them most of all today, their answer would be: withdrawal of support from John Redmond. Mr. Joseph Devlin, in his speech at the National Convention for Derry, said that Derry, like every other county in the land, was as strong today in supporting the Irish Party as it had been in any stage of the fight for Irish freedom. The critics of the Party were surprised and indignant when they received criticism in return. Mr. Devlin said that the essence of Home Rule settlement was mutual confidence and good-will between Great Britain and Ireland. Criticism should be kept for enemies, charity for friends. The self-governed units of the Empire were with the people of Erin. The people must

exercise common wisdom, and live for their country to see her free among the nations of the world.

Italy.—The general tone of the Italian press is most hearty in its approval of the latest Vatican statement. Editors, not accustomed to praise Papal utterances, are

*The Press
and the Pope*

lavish in their encomiums of Benedict XV's Allocution to the belligerent nations and their rulers. The *Corriere della Sera*, the *Giornale d'Italia*, the *Nazione* of Rome offer their editorial tribute. *Secolo 19* refers to it as a most noble and elevated document worthy of the "august Head of Catholicism." The Masonic papers, as is not surprising, assume a carping tone. The English *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Evening News* assume the same attitude as the *Messaggero* of Rome, which is bitterly anti-Papal. The *Messaggero* is a Masonic organ, and perhaps its editor can explain the bond of sympathy with two English contemporaries. Though many of the French papers are bitter in their attitude, yet it is interesting to note that the powerful *Figaro* has admitted into its pages a sympathetic article on the Pope from the pen of M. Gabriel Hanotaux, who writes with a real appreciation of the Pontiff's difficulties.

Meantime during all this strife of sword and pen, his Holiness is pursuing the even tenor of his way, doing his best to mitigate the horrors of war.

Mexico.—Confusion increases day by day in Mexico, and unhappily there is little hope of relief for the distracted nation. As yet the Pan-American Conference has achieved practically nothing. Car-

Increased Confusion; ranza is deferring his answer to the joint note as long as possible, in the apparent hope of crushing his enemies, so that he may forthwith appeal to the world for recognition with some show of authority. Early in the week he addressed an inquiry to our State Department, asking whether the Latin American conferees acted by authority of their respective Governments or not. Naturally this will delay negotiations and give the First Chief a chance to push the campaign against his enemies and to move into Mexico City. He has no intention of trying to compose his differences with Villa and Zapata: punishment is meted out to those who make such a suggestion. *El Monitor* was recently seized for advising a union between Carranza, Villa and Zapata, in order to save Mexico from the "eternal North American phantasm." This action shows Carranza's temper; his adherents appear to be in the same mood. After President Wilson's note reached Mexico, a "Revolutionary Convention" was held, June 5. The session, which was opened by C. Quevedo, began at 6.10 p. m. and ended at 7.30 p. m. Soto y Gama, the chief speaker, said that the note was the work of the Cientificos and the reactionaries who had sold property to magnates in the United States, men influential in trusts and hence in politics. He asserted

that Porfiristas, Huertistas, Clericals, everybody save Carranzistas, had sold property to Yankees, who in turn had wrung the note from President Wilson. He paid his respects to our last confidential agent in Mexico, accusing him among other crimes, of weaving calumnies into his reports, stating that the foreigners in Mexico, especially Americans who poured these calumnies into the agent's ears, should have Article 33 of the Constitution applied to them. Gonzales Garza and the Brazilian Minister were also accused of complicity in the note, and Mexicans were urged not "to get scared at this ridiculous and childish communication which . . . is nothing but words, words and words." The orator continued:

I do not pretend to be a fortune teller or prophet on international politics, but at the same time, when the whole world is shaking . . . the United States must be on guard because sooner or later they will be dragged into a war with Japan. For this reason the United States, even should it so desire, will never intervene in Mexico. Therefore that note . . . is ridiculous and meaningless. . . . I do hope the Yankees will intervene in Mexico. It will spell their ruin; it will be the undoing of that conglomeration of adventurers called the United States; they will lose the Philippines, the Panama Canal, Hawaii, Porto Rico and possibly San Francisco, California (*sic*), Los Angeles and Florida.

In proof of all this there follows a disquisition on the European war which ends this way:

If Great Britain wins, the Panama Canal will be British; if Germany wins, the Panama Canal will become a German possession, as also Malta, Gibraltar, Antwerp, the Dardanelles, Suez, Cape Colony, India and Jonking. On studying the matter carefully we shall see that the United States cannot come to Mexico, as before their disorganized troops had landed in Orizaba, San Francisco, California, the defenses of the Panama Canal and their shining Babylon which they call New York would be swept by the deadly fire of the Japanese, English and French navies. . . .

This rhapsody which has been shorn of sundry threats and oburgations seems to reflect the opinion of the Carranzistas who are versatile in oratory and untruthfulness. According to these men conditions have improved in the capital. On August 28, their General Gonzales sent to Washington this telegram:

I have the pleasure of informing you that the general situation is improving daily. The hunger problem is almost solved, and with reference to railway traffic, as soon as this is resumed with the north, which will be accomplished in three or four days, the aspect of this country will have changed favorably.

At the same time, however, our papers printed the following:

The Washington headquarters of the Red Cross received a message today from the international committee at Mexico City which in effect says that reports circulated in the United States that conditions in Mexico City are improving are untrue. To the contrary, the message stated that they are growing much worse daily and that application for food had been made to Red Cross representatives by more than one-fourth of the population of the city. Deaths from starvation continue.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The War and the Anti-Catholic Propaganda

HAVE you heard the story of the Five Dominican Friars of Bari? If you follow the despatches, particularly those mulled over by the Associated Press, you have doubtless read the sorry tale of how these Five Dominican Friars of Bari, instead of preaching the Gospel and chanting the Office as their holy Founder bids them, filched much time from the service of God to employ it in wig-wagging signals from the topmost pinnacle of the convent, to the enemies of their country. What a romantic tale, what vigorous action, what picturesque costuming, admirably fitting the scene for a "movie!" Doubtless, reflects the Ordinary Reader, one of these Friars was a German in disguise. Perhaps in his youth, he ardently wooed the beautiful heiress of Katzenellenbogen-am-Rhein, and had been requested by this flaxen-haired damsel of a baronial house to betake himself and his pleadings far beyond the Alps. And so here we find him, hiding his broken heart under the white habit of a Preaching Friar; with deep-set eyes, telling but too plainly of years of life's deepest sacrifice; something of a heretic, too, no doubt, for he is high-minded and decent, and in novels, a monk endowed with these strange qualities is always a bit of a Protestant. But we may picture him as always retaining a deep and hopeless love for the land of his erst-while lady, and wearing, very likely, a lock of her golden hair over his heart. Why, didn't the monk or the priest in "The Cloister and the Hearth," do something of the kind, *i. e.*, not wig-wag, but most unmonastically bear about with him a lock of hair that was not his own?

Well, at any rate, continues the Ordinary Reader, doesn't this story show you what any country may expect that harbors priests and Jesuits, and even Dominican Friars? Soon as you turn your back, they're up to tricks. Look at Mrs. Surratt. Wasn't she a Jesuit or something? And didn't John Wilkes Booth wear a scapular? And I'll bet if you go back far enough, you would find that Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr had a lot to do with these priests, and Jeff Davis, too. Stonewall Jackson was a Jesuit, and John B. Floyd used to write to the Pope.

Yes, this incident of the Five Dominicans of Bari does show us a great deal. It seems to show, among other things, that there is a force somewhere which has a particular interest in blackening the reputation of the Continental priests and nuns, and indirectly of bringing the whole Catholic system into discredit. Priests and nuns had suffered much in France, and in Germany, too, for that matter, before the outbreak of the war. Their magnificent heroism in returning to their country to serve in the trenches and the hospitals, is a fact that cannot be denied or concealed. They are becoming popu-

lar; they are drawing many to the Church; they form a strange contrast to the group of petty French politicians, who when not engaged in persecuting women or protesting their own patriotism, are either dodging indictments for defrauding their country or trying to escape trial by flying to parts unknown. There is not an army in Europe which does not boast of its heroic priests and nuns; and while many sovereigns have had their good intentions, the Pope is the only power in the world whose efforts have made this war a little less like hell. A kindly feeling towards the Church of Rome is actually becoming common.

This will never do. Is it not our interest to "make her always absurd, always imbecile, always malicious, always tyrannical"? Therefore spread the story of how German nuns gouged out the eyes of French soldiers, wounded on the field of battle; or make the nuns French, and the soldiers German, if this variety of the lie serves your purpose better. Tell how Belgian priests skulked about the hospitals and murdered wounded Germans, while pretending to hear their confessions; relate at length, with every slimy detail that your foul brain can conjure up from the rotten mass that you call your soul, how Catholic priests have advised and encouraged the most unfortunate among the victims of the war's barbarity, to murder the tiny babe that nestles on their bosom. Make this most piteous story pornography, thus stirring up vileness as well as hatred. Tell how under cover of religion, the Dominicans of Bari tried to betray their country; represent Catholics as immoral, traitorous wretches, unworthy the countenance of any civilized government. Lie bravely, and lie at once; few will read the refutation, for a lie is more interesting than the truth. Do all these things, and you shall assuredly receive the praise of "well done, good and faithful servant," from your master, the devil.

How well these imps of Satan are succeeding, depends upon the degree of credence you are giving these anti-Catholic war-stories. How many American newspapers have taken the trouble to retract the lie concerning the mutilation of helpless wounded soldiers by priests and nuns? Of the thousands that published the arrest of the Dominicans of Bari, did a dozen care to relate the second chapter in which the absolute innocence of the Friars was legally established? A dozen is an estimate far too large. They know that Catholics are too timid to resent these stories, and they therefore hold them in a contempt which has some justification.

But there is deeper calumny than this. Most persons who have arrived at the age of any knowledge of the subject, are perfectly well aware that the Catholic Church is the only body in the world which has taken a decided stand against any interference with the laws of nature and against infanticide, no matter by what name it is dignified. She says that the first is a crime against nature, that the second is murder and that each is a mortal sin. Except upon serious promise of amendment

there are no Sacraments for those who fall into these sins; and she says very plainly that all who persevere in these horrible practices until death, will most certainly spend their eternity in hell. She makes no exceptions; she has the same law for all alike. Last spring, some nameless member of the anti-Catholic propaganda originated the story that the Belgian priests had openly advocated infanticide. To those who know the position of the Catholic Church the tale was incredible; and Bishop De Wachter, Coadjutor of Mechlin, set all doubts at rest by a vigorous denial. But did the story die? Of course not.

The latest variety of this calumny recently appeared in the pages of a clap-trap magazine, which unfortunately for the morals of the country, has a fairly large circulation. This time the accusation was made against the French clergy; and inquiry brought out the fact that the author had taken his matter from the newspapers, which he quoted with as much assurance as if they had been Holy Writ. His chief reliance seems to have been the *New York Times*, a journal which, apparently, specializes in anti-Catholic war-stories. Years ago, "I see'd it in print," was an argument for which no philosopher, seated on a cracker-barrel in the country store, had a reply. If it was printed, it was true; and it is interesting to note how the cracker-barrel philosopher, writing for this metropolitan magazine, reverts to the argument of his legitimate ancestors. He is a guileless soul, this writer; he forgets that the world has moved. "I saw it in the *New York Times*," he writes, "and in some foreign newspapers in the Public Library." And with this, in his estimation, the evidence is in, the case is closed, and judgment has been rendered.

To disprove these stories is usually not difficult; but it is always difficult and frequently impossible to remove the impression which the first telling has left. "Men forget the process by which they receive it," writes Newman, "but there it is, clear and indelible. Their mind is already made up, they have no stomach for entering into a long controversy about it." Perhaps a stop might ultimately be put to the publication of these calumnies by a vigorous protest from the Catholics of the communities in which they are circulated. Publishing a newspaper is, after all, a matter of business. Your "yellow" editor dearly loves a sensational story; but the owners of the paper, and of the editor, love money still more dearly. Convince the editor that the publication of calumny is bad for business, and amendment will follow hard upon the heels of conviction.

JOHN WILBYE.

A New Basis for International Law

AT last the State is receiving some of that trenchant criticism which, in modern times, has been so consistently and lavishly reserved for the Church. David Jayne Hill, whose past efficient tenure of high national

offices amply authorizes him to speak on civil matters, exposes the fallacies of the traditional conceptions of the State in a manner truly cogent, clear, and stimulating of thought. His article, which recently appeared in the *North American Review*, has attracted notable attention; it is to be hoped that his message, incomplete as it may be, will be more than merely heard.

We now see to our sadness that the State by itself is deficient and that, if society is to be saved from earthquakes, it absolutely requires a complement. Mr. Hill says nothing about the Church as that necessary complement; but he brings his readers to a pitch of conviction which renders the passage from State to Church easy. Very likely this is unintentional on his part. Certainly, however, many of those who follow his thread of thought will not be content to stop where he did. A little farther on from the point of his cessation dangles a truth which is as old as Eden: religion. He abruptly ends his paper with the monition that the State should be regarded not as an end, but a means to the true end: "the safety, the free development, and the elevation of mankind"; beginning with this ending, the logical mind infers that such a great purpose as the aforesaid cannot be attained solely by civil laws which indeed rule man's external acts but ignore his internal dispositions.

The soul, ultimate seat of action, must be primarily considered, if the good of the individual and consequently of society, is to be obtained. Statutes may seize hold of a man's arm, or gag his mouth, but they cannot squeeze virtue into his heart. Yet without regulated morality, observation of law is necessarily irregular. The violation may be clandestine; it is none the less real and perilous to society. The best the State can do is to preserve appearances. So the State at its best leaves the condition of society bad. It cannot do otherwise: man's soul needs direction even more than his body, and the State, at least directly, cannot help the soul. Indeed, we should gather from Mr. Hill's severe arraignment that it hampers it. For if, as he opines, states have their genesis in injustice, the blotting out of the rights of the few by the might of the many, they are very apt to proceed in injustice. If they do, they deaden the better part of man's nature. Obviously a power other than the State is desiderated: the Church. This conclusion is forced on even the most prejudiced thinker, if the premises, namely, Mr. Hill's article, pass muster. And, for the most part, they do.

True, it is not exactly accurate for him to offer as the *raison d'être* of the State, the victory of one group of men over another and the subsequent "economic exploitation" of the conquered by the conquerors. He should distinguish. He gives us the approximate reason for the being of some states; he does not furnish us the causal idea underlying all. There is a "social urge" running through men, which can be satisfactorily explained only by the fact that men are of a common parentage, destined for a common end, and consequently

inclined to work out that end in common. The plain material advantages of union must, of course, have originally enticed the making of union; but it must have been man's social nature which primarily prompted him to appreciate and pursue those advantages. It is because all this was that the *State* is. It is because of climatic and geographical conditions, lust for power and prestige, that *States* are.

All rightful authority is from God. But Mr. Hill assigns to state sovereignty an artificial nature; declares that it began with an overpowering of the weaker by the stronger: strength evolved from the character of a power to that of an accepted principle, and thus furnished the State with a philosophical foundation. But, in its ultimate resolution he holds, state sovereignty is merely a version of the proverb: might is right. Wherefore, it stands forth, in moments of national emergency, as "a charter of exemption from the Moral Law."

No; it is a view not of normal state sovereignty but of modern perverted state sovereignty that Mr. Hill presents. That debased supremacy which constitutes the State as all in all is only as old as the fifteenth century. Before then, the State had a province of its own, a material sphere, in which all its exercised control was generally righteous, because it was seldom excessive. For law, even civil, is an aim at peace and justice; both are God; and the power to seek God comes from God. But under the back of the spirit of the Renaissance and its resultant spirits, the State has been steadily spreading out of her own province into that of the Church; sometimes circumscribing, sometimes injuring, always striving to supplant it, albeit by occasionally pretending to protect it. Religion has been woefully weakened by these civil forces so constantly pommeling it. The result today is plain and pathetic. Socialism has begun where Caesarism left off. The State, perfectly efficient in its own sphere, has rendered itself deficient by absorbing the Church's. By putting away its superior, the State has grown deplorably inferior. Repudiating the great teacher of morals, it has naturally become immoral.

That is why international law is today proving itself an emptiness. Moral obligations between States, in times of stress, signify nothing to States; for each State is everything to itself. Today there is nothing above the State to direct the State; nothing to induce it to carry its sworn encumbrances, because the State, armed with ill-gotten superiority, is ruled only by itself and meets its obligations only whensoever and in so far as it pleases. Up to a year ago, the Hague sparkled with conceits of international pledges which were to make the world so much more secure, so much sunnier! But the sparks proved to be only sparks. They have all gone out. There was nothing to keep them aglow. For religion alone is the prompter and promoter of true international morality; and the Church having been flung to the rear of national life, so was religion.

Undeniably the only basis of international law is a

recognition by States of the fact that a higher law than themselves exists, a law that must be obeyed at any cost. With such realization prevalent, war and other present-day horrors would cease. For, when that is rendered to God which is God's, little is left over for Mammon and nothing for Mars. In a word, the world needs a keener sense of faith, hope and charity; hence religion's generator, the Church, must be called back. She must be given her rights; the State must repair its wrongs, if the world would gain harmony anew.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

How to Improve the Catholic Press

ONLY an interest that approaches the enthusiastic can create and sustain a literature. The worth and effectiveness of the literature, or the press, if you wish, of any cause is proportionate to the enthusiasm of its supporters. One may wonder why a comparatively small number of champions of a new cause of new social or political reform can within a short time have three or four official organs, a large number of tracts and not a few books that have attracted wide-spread attention. The secret of this success is zeal for the cause, which zeal in turn leads them to give their material support, to serve for little or no pay; to write with an evident sincerity that cannot but win a hearing, and with an optimism which without doubt is alluring to the young particularly.

No one will question the enthusiasm or the zeal of the Catholic body in our country. Even a slight knowledge of the difficulties and the obstacles which it has had to face and which it still must meet; the pioneer work which it has to do, the vast charities it has created and sustains, the burden of educating its children, which it has cheerfully assumed, even a slight knowledge of these things suffices to show that our enthusiasm and our zeal have never been excelled.

Yet the Catholic press of our country is, in the minds of many, in poor estate. It has not commanded the service of that intelligence, that zeal and enthusiasm which have characterized us in other fields of action. That our Catholic press is up to standard, the representative of sixteen million Catholics, no one will for a moment maintain. The representatives of that press, Catholic editors, for example, in convention assembled who might for reasons of self-protection be most likely to make the claim, assert just the contrary. For the last four years the Catholic press conventions have lamented the shortcomings of the Catholic press and diligently considered how it might be made more efficient. Two instances show how deficient we are in the first requisites of effective Catholic journalism.

Until four years ago, we, as Catholics, had no cable service with Rome, the head and center of Christendom. Communication was by letter only. Catholic journals took the up-to-date news from the secular dailies. And today we have no organized domestic news service of

our own; no central bureau that could send out authoritative news on a matter of instant public, as well as Catholic concern, such as for example, the real situation in Mexico.

One might pass from the journalistic to the literary field and multiply defects, but to what purpose? It is much pleasanter and more profitable to dwell upon the positive good points of our Catholic press which give a quite sure promise of a growth and a development that will in time produce a press worthy of our name. The very number of our Catholic journals is in itself an encouragement. They amount to at least two hundred and are published throughout the country. Numbers are encouraging because they speak of extensive and generous support. The need of betterment is becoming more and more recognized; the number of gifted Catholic writers is increasing; the larger and deeper questions of Catholic doctrine: the fundamental philosophical truths, that are in need today of special emphasis, are receiving more scholarly and more frequent attention; the increasing influence of the Catholic press among those who are not of the household of Faith—all these facts are encouraging and promising.

No one journal is supported too well. But if the moneys given in support of all our journals be added up, we are no longer justified in saying that the Catholic press is not supported. But in these very numbers, we find an obstacle to the intelligently effective power of the Catholic press. Efficiency is the watchword of the day and efficiency could certainly be promoted by consolidation. If the support given to a dozen weeklies were given to the support of one, a far more representative journal would be the result. Nor would local interests suffer by such a consolidation. The "Parish Calendar" or "Monthly" now gives the purely parochial news. The greater weekly, which would supplant the many smaller ones, could give the more important local news of parish or diocese, and furthermore put our Catholic people in touch with those questions that affect the whole Catholic body and the Church throughout the world.

Our first point is, that there is no reason to grow despondent over the lack of support for the Catholic press. The support is there; but it has not been managed wisely. Our second point is, that the Catholic press has been weakened by an unnecessary number of Catholic organs. Quantity has diluted quality.

This material extension has compelled the employment of untrained editors or has forced editors to be satisfied with what they could get. The poverty of the reading matter they served up has increased the poverty of their journals. For an editor's greatest mistake is to believe that the ordinary Catholic does not or cannot appreciate real literature. Many Catholic papers have failed and many have thin subscription lists because their editors underestimate their readers. The day has passed, if it ever was, when poor reading "stuff" is accepted and paid for because it bears the Catholic label.

The weeklies that are meeting the demands of the intelligent Catholic body are, we believe, receiving more and more wide-spread support. The failure of other weeklies need not be viewed as reason for discouragement. It is a fair interpretation to say that the people whom they endeavor to serve demand something better.

Moreover, the cultivation of the literary power of a people is the best, and only method of establishing on solid grounds a literature for that people. We must endeavor more and more to create, to nurse, to encourage, to make permanent a native Catholic American literature. We have not only the enthusiasm and the zeal, we have also the intelligence; when these three shall be made to serve to their fullest, then, and then only, shall we have a Catholic press that will command the respectful attention of the entire nation.

JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.,

Editor, *Catholic World*.

The Contemporary Drama

MATTHEW ARNOLD ends his essay, "The French Play in London," with the declaration that "the theater is irresistible." The declaration was a prophecy which has since come true. When he wrote in the eighties, the theater, at least in English-speaking countries, was still a place of doubtful respectability to the bulk of the population. There were few theaters and fewer playwrights: that portion of the poorer class who are below morals, and the highest class, who are superior to morals, were satisfied with spectacular melodrama and translations from the French. The numerous middle-class with an instinctive moral sensitiveness, which the history of the drama past and present fully justifies, stood off.

Things have changed with a rush since then. So rapidly has the change come about that few of us stop to reflect that perhaps never in Christian days has the theater had such vogue as it has now, both in its spoken plays and in those stupid picture-pantomimes which the simplicity of the populace has welcomed so spontaneously.

In Marseilles, Tolstoy, his biographer Mr. Aylmer Maude tells us, estimated that each week, in the *cafés chantants*, at least one-fifth of the population received oral education as the Greeks and Romans used to do. Comedies and sketches were performed, verses declaimed, and the influence for good or evil of this unconscious education far outweighed that of the compulsory education given in schools.

We do not have to go to France any longer to study such conditions. There is scarcely a hamlet in the United States that has not its "Metropolitan Theater" and one or two moving-picture houses.

I shall leave others to draw the obvious moral. The present paper is concerned with certain broad aspects of the theater as they appear in a painstaking and judicious selection of modern plays, made and edited by Professor Thomas H. Dickinson. ("Chief Contemporary Dramatists": Houghton Mifflin Company.) The collection includes twenty plays from the recent drama of England, Ireland, America, Germany, France, Belgium, Norway, Sweden and Russia. The dramatists represented are Wilde, Pinero, Jones, Galsworthy, Barker, Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory, Fitch, Moody, Thomas, MacKaye, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Brieux, Hervieu, Maeterlinck, Björnson, Strindberg, and Tchekhov. Ibsen has been omitted, partly because he is a dying influence, partly because his genius is in a class by itself. Shaw and Barrie objected to having their plays published in the collection; the latter, regrettably, because he has a prejudice against

any publication of his plays. Shaw's absence is adequately supplied by the presence of his master and model in dramatic writing, Oscar Wilde.

The first impression created by this group of plays on the student of classic drama is one of novelty in their structure and tone. Stage-craft seems to be of equal importance with literary excellence. In some of these plays the author leaves nothing to the intelligence and inspiration of actor or stage-manager. His play reads like a novel, in which the solid pages of description and author's comment are enclosed in brackets and printed in italics and called stage-directions. Again, the illusion of reality, which must hover around every successful play, is produced by means which call for only the smallest possible exertion from the imagination of the beholder. This is what is meant, I believe, by what has been called the naturalistic tendency of the new theater. Actual drawing-rooms and actual people and actual problems are lifted out of actual life somewhere and "speeded up" to a climax of some sort on a public stage. Another change to be observed is the absence of all national characteristics. These plays are not mirrors of national manners or customs or aspirations. They are cosmopolitan in content, and conform to a general formula or art. Ibsen seems to have laid down or at least suggested the formula; and the subject-matter is drawn from world-wide discussions of social interest. The criticism aimed at Shaw, that his plays are controversial essays in dialogue, applies with sufficient exactness to all modern drama of any literary pretensions.

How seriously the new dramatic writer takes himself! He regards himself as a prophet and teacher: he sets the world right in its morals, exposes its fallacies in politics, economics and religion, reads sharp lessons to parents, priests, employers and statesmen, gibes at popular beliefs and customs, and in general acts with the trembling sense of grave responsibility which we may suppose some Archangel might feel who had been delegated by his Creator to watch over and direct all sublunary affairs. The playwright assumes this high and mighty rôle on his own initiative, encouraged thereto by the plaudits of the young and foolish, and by learned discourses in the public press upon his sublime and noble mission. Fancy Shakespeare and the gallant company in the Mermaid Tavern contemplating themselves with such lofty complacency!

Modern dramatists exaggerate the importance and functions of their art and gird themselves to solve problems for the solution of which they are utterly unfitted by nature, by training, and by grace. As a class they labor under the fault of self-made men: their remedies for everything are destructively violent. They would either kill in order to cure, or else overwhelm the patient with nursing and medicine. The *vis medicatrix nature* is unknown to them; slow therapeutics, unbearable; calm patience, a delusion. If a government is not perfect, destroy it; if religion does not make every man and woman good and prosperous, give it up. Destroy! Destroy! Destroy! From the universal cataclysm somehow and somewhere the dawn of the millennium will break upon regenerated mankind. Eugenics, marriage, divorce, child-labor, trusts, the housing of the poor, prison-reform, political corruption, the social evil, the peace movement, empty churches, education, strikes, Socialism, prohibition, war, woman-suffrage, factory-life, the shop-girl, and all the conceivable questions, which the press flings into the midst of a news-reading public during its long Sunday hours of leisure, are seized avidly by playwrights, and hammered, while they are yet white-hot, into dramatic form. Most of the successful plays of the last two or three decades are contemporaneous records of ephemeral interests and excitements, so many bulletins of the hour.

At first sight this close relation of the drama to life would seem to be favorable to the vitality, power and originality of dramatic art. For art is a living thing, capable of strong develop-

ment only when it grows out of life. Otherwise it is a cold, dead, academic form of perfection, beautiful perhaps but unbreathing, an ultimate in some species of imitative and reminiscent expression, as for instance the art of Stephen Phillips who is, justly I think, passed over in the volume before us. The plays included here have grown out of the actual life of the times; and, although originality and vigor of a sort have resulted, one is disappointed that the theory just enunciated has not worked out better in practice.

Only two explanations occur to me at the moment. One is, that the realistic, or naturalistic, manner of Ibsen has imposed itself unduly on the theater. The supreme quality of great drama, according to Aristotle, is to purge the passions by sinking the ordinary irritations of our actual life in the sympathetic contemplation of some profound emotion which lies deeper than words, and makes us feel how shallow and trumpery after all the trials of our little day actually are. Merely to stir anew the irritations of life, to gall our kibes, is a mean, base, narrowing kind of art. What we need is not a shrewd poking with a stick into our troubles, but some strengthening power to master them. When Phrynichus in his "Captive of Miletus" moved his Athenian audience to tears by his vivid portrayal of an actual calamity, they promptly fined him one thousand drachmas and suppressed his play, which has not come down to us. The Athenian artistic sense has been the most highly developed in history. What would the Athenians think of our sordid, realistic, Ibsen drama?

Art in its highest excellence is the expression of the particular in terms of the universal; of the moment in terms of all times. Our little detail of grief must be absorbed in an elemental storm of sorrow, like Lear's or Antigone's. Our private ache must be engulfed in an ocean of passion. Our small idiosyncrasy of time and place and person must be equated in symbols intelligible to humanity. This fusion of the present actuality into the context of the past and the future, is the work of the imaginative intellect, or of the intellectual imagination. Our modern playwrights, it seems, do not possess in the plenitude of genius one or the other, or either, of the two faculties which can pluck the heart from experience and hold it forth in the clear ether of interstellar space, out of all nebulous mists and false chromatic lights, displaying it in the white splendor of that Ideal from which all Reality springs and towards which all Reality blindly gropes. Reality it must be known of all men is the Ideal in exile and poverty, dressed in the rags of former opulence. Our playwrights forget this or deny it. Like Job's comforters they rudely heckle Reality with reminders of its sordidness and squalor, and they are particular to deprive it of heaven-sent dreams of future restoration. And that is why realism, or naturalism, is false and unreal and narrow and inartistic; and that is why romanticism oftener is apt to be the truer and more real and more beautiful of the two.

Another explanation of modern dramatic inferiority is that dramatic writers master, industriously and successfully, the technical difficulties of the stage with reference to a type of audience not especially encouraging to high powers of art. Mr. Granville Barker, whose opinion on this subject is accepted generally. I believe, as conclusive, recently declared that the modern theatrical audience was composed chiefly of young people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. Youth is admirable for many things but it has never been a judicious and influential patron of great art.

And what terrible humor Mr. Granville Barker's confession imparts to the solemn claims of dramatists like Shaw and Galsworthy and Brieux, who excuse their criminal frankness in the treatment of obscene or indecent topics by saying that they wish to enlighten and educate the public mind! Young persons, as a rule, do not go to theaters for serious instruction. Curiosity is a commoner motive. Is it not farcical, all this discussion of

weighty problems in the modern drama? For what? To stimulate the serious-minded, the studious, and the mature? Such do not compose the average audience, and the playwrights know it. Wherefore then all their naked clinics in human emotion and experience? So far as I can see, if Mr. Granville Barker's statement has any truth, it is to give prying adolescence the gloating satisfaction of witnessing hidden shames, under the honorable pretext of awakening the social consciousness and improving humanity. Out of such a dung-hill the fine flower of art will never spring. In Matthew Arnold's day the French play was the drama of the average sensual man. In spite of its new and dignified name, the modern problem-play is, quite as much as the French play ever was, the drama of the average sensual man. It is more immoral because of its disgusting hypocrisy.

This perversely gentle toleration of moral evil runs through nearly all our newer literature, dramatic and otherwise. Thus, fully half the plays in the present volume are apologies and special pleas for sinners. Paul Heivieu's "Know Thyself" is their motive and theme. Know thyself for a sinner and be not hypocritically harsh towards other sinners who have been, by some unhappy mischance, found out. The plausibility of this message is heightened by making the sinner, commonly a woman, a more profound and attractive person than her virtuous sister. While the aim and origin of a plea like this are essentially vicious, we suspect it rises from a muddled state of mind as much as from immoral instincts. Our Divine Lord, indeed, was gentle towards the woman caught in adultery; but if He rebuked her persecutors He also rebuked her sin. "Go and sin no more!" was a severe imperative. The modern playwright would urge the Pharisees to make common cause with the woman, introduce her into their homes, regard her, impenitent, in the light of a tragic pathos as an object of awe and reverence. In their shallow reading of human nature they do not understand that repentant folly shrinks from the privileges and estate of early innocence, and finds its greatest relief and satisfaction in suffering silently the consequences of sin. The sinner who rails at the world for its harshness is affording the world its strongest argument for maintaining a stern attitude towards guilt.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

The Plight of Poland

IRVIN COBB called Belgium "Europe's Rag Doll." He was traveling through the war-zone and came upon a badly battered doll that lay in the rut of a road, and it seemed to him typical of the land that had felt the rough red hand of war during the summer and early fall of 1914. He was right. Belgium had bled fearfully and no one can think of the brave little land without realizing that she stands high in the annals of history as a nation in which patriotism is more than a name. But Poland has bled too, and is still bleeding. The wave of war has swept over the country and back again, and blood has marked its ebb and flow. Is there a sadder chapter in this sad year of carnage than Poland's? Out of eleven provinces only one has escaped invasion. The territory that has echoed to the tramp of marching armies, that did much more than march, is more than 40,000 square miles in extent, and the story of the march is written in the destruction of 200 cities, and 9,000 villages, partially or completely blotted from the map. Black smokestacks rise out of smoking ruins which were once the dwellings of a peaceful people.

A people peaceful, and free from the blame of setting this hideous war-tinder ablaze, the Poles are suffering beyond all telling. They have suffered much in their history too, for the heel of the conqueror has been heavy upon them. Yet the wonder of it all, they have never lost their nationality. You may talk of Austrian Poland, Russian Poland, Prussian Poland; the adjectives are nothing; it is the noun that counts, and Poland

has ever remained Poland. The Treaty of Vienna tore the body of Poland into three parts. Austria, Russia and Prussia each taking a share, while Cracow became a republic. All the great powers, England, France, and the nations receiving the spoils guaranteed that the Polish language and religion should be held sacred. A political crime was to be made lighter by drawing up a treaty, and a hundred years tell us that the treaty was shamefully disregarded by all the nations concerned.

Russian Poland's history up to 1830 can be summed up in a single word, misgovernment. Secret police overrunning the country, schools suppressed, the right of free speech in and out of Parliament crushed; in brief, every promise guaranteed by the Constitution was broken. The year of revolutions was 1830, and there was scarcely a year from then till 1863 that did not see a Polish rising, and that year was the red year in Russian Poland. After 150,000 Poles went to Siberia, while at least 30,000 had gone down in battle, the process of Russianizing began. No Pole could purchase land in Lithuania or Ukraina, they were persecuted for their Faith, and it was a crime to speak Polish in public. When the twentieth century began there were not as many schools in Russian Poland as there were in the same territory at the close of the sixteenth century. But Polish nationality refused to die. Though bleeding fearfully, it is living still.

The Prussian policy toward Poland was anything but kindly and beneficent. Not quite as ruthless as the Russian, nevertheless extermination was the goal sought for by those who thought to make the Pole into a Teuton. By degrees Poles were excluded from government offices; the languages of the conquered was forbidden in the schools, and hardship and annoyance came upon the people under the cloak of legality. But the cloak was dropped when, under the Laws of Exception 30,000 Poles, guilty of no crime, were driven out of Posen in the spring of 1885, and ordered never to return. A year after Windthorst cried out against the crime, as "unjust and detrimental to the interests of the Empire." But his was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and within two months the Colonization Bill was passed by the Prussian Diet empowering a Royal Commission to buy Polish lands and turn them into German colonies. This new law was a drive not at the wealthy landowner, but at the child of the soil. With what consequence? Self-defense flew in the teeth of aggression, and private organization beat the Royal Commission at its own game with the result that the Poles held more land in Posen than the Germans did. This was in 1900. A new Law of Exception was passed in the summer of 1907 to strike back at the quick-witted Polish peasant, and finally in 1908 came the Expropriation Bill. By this infamous law the government was enabled to take over Polish estates, even though not for sale, by sending the owner into exile. Today the language of the Pole is forbidden in the schools of Posen, the soldier in barracks may not use his native tongue in addressing his fellow-countrymen, and in all districts where the Poles are not sixty per cent. in excess of the population, there can be no public meetings conducted in Polish.

Austrian Poland or Galicia has fared better than the other dismembered parts that fell to the spoiler after the Treaty of Vienna. In the matter of religion, as Austria was Catholic she did not tyrannize. However, before 1860 the Hapsburgs were not averse to pitting Pole against Pole, noble against peasant. Since that time, and in particular since the signing of the Charter of 1867, Galicia has had her own Provincial Diet, her Minister at the court of Vienna, and practical autonomy in provincial affairs. Indeed, Galicia proves that the Pole of the twentieth century is fully as capable of self-government as any modern state that has not been called to taste the bitterness of oppression that has been Poland's for so long. With 25,500,000 population Poland is coming through her ordeal of blood, as only a nation could that has held her Faith. For she is a nation that has always been close to God, a nation of brave men and pure women who have

shown their love for God and country in the strongest accents of love and suffering. "God gave me the honor of Poland to guard; only to Him I give it back." That is the voice of Poland today, as it was the cry of the Polish patriot who died at the head of the Polish legion on the snows of Russia during Napoleon's retreat.

The press of the world is now beginning to look at Poland where the tide of battle has been surging over a land of sorrow, and of shame. The shame is not Poland's, but the sorrow is, for she is broken and bruised and bleeding.

GERALD C. TREACY, S.J.

Her Right to Live

ARE you a baby? This story will bring you a truer sense of your own aspirations and perhaps unformed and unacknowledged strivings. Are you a father? It will help you to understand the tender creature committed to your care. In any case, this big deep, true story will do much to set right the falsity and flimsiness of existing conventions. The writer acknowledges his sense of obligation to a score of current magazine craftsmen, without any feeling of gratitude.

* * * * *

Gertrude removed her toe from her mouth and tossed restlessly in her crib. Softly through the heavy Battenberg curtains that shaded her windows came the pulsing of the busy street, while near at hand, as if to accentuate the quiet of the nursery, her nurse lay reclining on her couch, deep in her midday nap. Nervously, tensely Gertrude ran her mouth over her toes, as Pan might have played pensively on his reeds, and sighed ever so gently. Though the great throbbing world without little heeded, and the small cramping world within failed to understand, she was fighting the battle of her future happiness. Had she the right to live her own life?

For two long terrible years she had borne it all; the persistent misunderstandings, the small, frigid, provincial atmosphere of her nursery, the numbing contact with souls that could not, would not appreciate her soul's mad yearnings. She had tried oh, so hard! to be docile. Her father's presence she had greeted with her sweetest smile, even when her heart was aching with an unfulfilled longing. But the hollow mockery of it all was sapping her power to play the part.

Her father! Ah, why, why that father! She had been so young, so yielding when first he met her, that almost without an act of will, she had given herself to him. Had she loved him? She could scarcely say. She only knew that she craved tenderness and pity and a strong protecting arm. Love would come; of that her young trusting heart was confident.

And now as she lay upon her crib playing feverishly with her toes a sense of the futility of it all swept like a deep, dreadful wave over her soul. In two long years, love had not come. On the contrary, a high, chilling wall of misunderstanding had been built up between them. Her father had failed to meet her half-faltering advances; how could he understand, he, with his intense interest in business, his cursory trips to the nursery, a light peck upon her forehead when he was distracted, and what was worse, when he was cheerful, his rough caresses which left her cheeks smarting from his mustaches and made her crib redolent of stale tobacco.

Why, their language was not even the same! When she spoke in plain, clear gurgles of the deep yearnings of her soul, he laughed and crowed and talked a hideous jargon that fell like blighting ice-drops on her warm young heart. And when he was away, oh, the dull, dull days in the crib: milk, insipid milk, when she longed for lemon sticks and licorice; the tiresome trips to the park, when her eyes turned longingly towards buzzing autos and stately carriages; the false, flat croonings of her nurse.

And for amusement, endless playing with her toes. Ah, it was killing, killing!

Perhaps she should never have noticed had not *he* come into her life. How well she remembered the day when first he stood over her crib looking with wonderful, fathomless eyes, deep down into her soul. She had trembled slightly, and then with an eager impulse, stretched forth her arms to him, this masterful bachelor friend of her father's. It was he who taught her, not consciously, for he was too true, too loyal for that, but by the sublime power of his personality, to shudder at the cramping provincialisms of her home. With infinite tenderness he placed in her hand bright sticks of red and yellow candy. When he brought her a kewpie she saw at last how foolish had been her vain fondness for that obsolete horror, the doll. His sense of the beautiful had taught her to despise the colored comic supplements over which her father guffawed, and had led her gently upward to a love for the masterpieces of Mother Goose. He understood her when she spoke, and though his tongue was strange, she had but to see his wonderful smile, and she understood.

Yes, here in her monotonous life of sleep and food and rides and toes, her active, pulsing young spirit was pining away. Beyond the Battenberg curtains lay a world where a baby's influence might be so potent. And the world needed her so much! There she could expand, and in expanding bring happiness to men and women who could appreciate her. Here in her home, everything was done for her and she was permitted to do nothing; she was helpless, hopeless, colorless. When she sighed for a wine-cup her father gave her a rattle. The moon, glowing in the sky he made no effort to capture, but offered instead a fat, wobbly balloon.

Slowly the desperate resolution began to grow stronger within her. Where there was no longer love, there was no further bond. No, no; she did not love her father; he was good and true, but his nature was too coarse, too uncomprehending, too sordid to blend with the chameleon hues of her own delicate soul. A deep conviction seized her that no longer in the sight of heaven was she his baby; for love had gone and left their union blighted. Dared she in the face of the world defy the convention that for ages had bound a baby to its father? Dared she face the world's scorn and go straight to him, the bachelor friend of her father? It was the terrible battle of her life; her struggle with a false convention for the right to live her own life, to work out her own destiny. What generations of babies yet unborn looked on as she fought that fight! There was a sudden stir at the door, and her heart leaped with a sudden thrill. It was he, and he had come. . . .

She closed her eyes blissfully as he stood above her cot. Let him say but the word and the convention that for weary years had chained babies to fathers who did not understand them would be snapped by the might of mutual understanding. He was speaking, and somehow the sense of his words sank in upon her soul, numbing like the clutch of winter her warm, budding hopes.

"Dear little Umsee-Wumsee," said the bachelor, and each word was as a knife in the trustful heart he had taught love's sweetest secret. "Listen to the good news. Tomorrow I shall marry; tomorrow I shall go away to a little home of my own."

A great cry leaped from her throat, the cry of a stricken spirit that had staked its all and lost. No, no, fond, foolish nurse; no pin is thrusting its cruel point into her delicate skin; no need to run for paregoric, for the pang that grips her is far worse than the pang of sudden colic. 'Tis the cry of a disillusioned soul, suddenly brought face to face with the inconstancy of man's protestations, the wail of a soul as it looks forward to unvaried years of food and sleep and toys and toes. Convention would continue to bind her, dull, unreasoning convention, with its chains of steel would continue, of course, to bind Gertrude to her

father. But she loved him not, could never love him, now that for a blissful moment life's daring possibilities had been shown her, yet the world and the law still called him her father. Poor Gertrude!

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Defects of the Catholic Press

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is not easy to refrain from taking seriously to task "N. Y. E.," who, in your issue of August 21, hurls, under the guise of anonymity, wholesale, utterly unfounded charges against almost the entire Catholic press. To skulk under initials is not an example of heroic bravery from one who accuses the Catholics of this country of an unworthy spirit of cowardice. Some months ago similar charges were vented in your pages by "A Perfect Fool," and at the time the writer, though refuted ably by the Rev. John Corbett, was unfortunately not silenced. A comparison of those letters with the diatribe of "N. Y. E." suggests the suspicion of a strange relationship, perhaps of blood, between the two.

There is little new in "N. Y. E.'s" communication beyond the usual stock in trade of gratuitous assertions against our Catholic weeklies. So they can be dismissed with the old scholastic dictum *Quod gratis asseritur, gratis negatur*. When proofs of his charges are brought forth less childish than his comment on "Helpful Hints to Young Men" and the illustration from the word *devotus*, a mistake that even a man of education could fall into, it will be time to deal with them in detail. The constructive idea of dividing the country is so immature and unworkable that it stands condemned at once. The trouble with "N. Y. E.," apart from his cocksureness, or aggressive dogmatism, is that he has lost sight of the aim and purpose of our Catholic weeklies. Catholic weeklies are not founded for "criticism" and the opening of our mouths, as "N. Y. E." elegantly puts it, upon "the obvious questions which need ventilation." Possibly he means the discussion of eugenics and child-limitation and similar topics, about which our people are fortunately ignorant.

Papers devoted to such discussions, similar in tone and elevation to AMERICA, which ably fills this rôle, would not have subscribers enough to pay for the paper and ink consumed. I fancy that even AMERICA has a hard road to travel financially. This is the case because AMERICA is high-class and the vast bulk of our people are "low-class," not morally, of course, but educationally, so to speak. We are 16,000,000, but how many millions are uneducated and incapable of appreciating, through no fault of their own, a high-class paper? From our 16,000,000 subtract the millions of toilers, Italians, Poles, Hungarians and Catholics without education from every nation under heaven, and how many millions have we left? Of this remainder what a small proportion is really educated! Go over "Who's Who in America" and see how few Catholic names figure in its pages. Deduct from our native-born Catholic population the clergy and the nuns and then say how many educated Catholic lay-people we have to support twelve high-class weeklies. Such a suggestion is born of an ignorance of our conditions, that might be pardonable were it not so offensively dogmatic. Let us face the fact that our people are not educated. They have higher gifts than mental culture, and under fearful obstacles are making noble efforts towards intellectual growth, but such growth takes time and money and leisure.

Our Catholic weeklies as a rule are newspapers that aim at circulating Catholic news: items of interest and edifica-

tion that tell of our successes and mistakes, of the increase and spread of our religion; items which keep our people in touch with what is going on in Catholic circles in the diocese and in the country. They treat, many of them in a clear and succinct manner, of the doctrines of the Church, and this didactic output is very useful. These papers are linking us together, making from week to week the bond of union stronger. They are helpful and encouraging by holding before us the example of struggling men and women aiming at purity of life, preservation of the Faith and the education of their children at any and every sacrifice.

The editors of these papers are not writing above the heads of their readers, matter that won't be read, but what interests, heartens and instructs. Does "N. Y. E." want the materialism and agnosticism of *Harper's Weekly*, the new-style stories of *Collier's* and its platitudinous editorials, or the useless and at times suggestive stories of the *Saturday Evening Post*? Does he want weeklies that will reek with the dirt, filth, impurity and the nude pictures of the modern magazines? If that be the constituent of high-class journalism, it will have to be sought elsewhere than in our Catholic papers. It is easy to carp, to snarl and to criticize, but till "N. Y. E." can do more, the Catholic weeklies will go on with their good work, writing so as to reach our poor people, to bind them together in loyalty to Faith and, as they become better educated, to lift them to a higher intellectual level. Such work will not be done by the silly barking of men like "N. Y. E."

New York.

GEORGE MANLY.

What is Liberty?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I quite agree with the editorial "Liberty, Its Use and Abuse," in which reference is made to your non-Catholic correspondent "H. F. G.," who, it would seem, has undertaken to criticize the efforts of those who have tried to make the Postmaster-General see what would appear to be his plain duty and deny the privileges of the mail to filthy and obscene publications. "H. F. G." is quoted as saying: "Liberty is decidedly a blessing, even to those who suffer from it. Far better liberty abused than no liberty." Fortunately, under our laws, some forms of what "H. F. G." might call the abuse of liberty constitute crimes. I wonder if "H. F. G." knows what liberty, in civil society, really means. I know no better definition of that sort, the only decent sort, of liberty than that given by Cicero, when he says that liberty consists in being the slave of law. And Daniel Webster (Webster's Works, II, p. 393) says:

Liberty is the creature of law, essentially different from that authorized licentiousness that trespasses on right. It is a legal and refined idea, the offspring of high civilization, which the savage never understood and never can understand.

Moreover, in interpreting the very statutes enacted by Congress to keep the mail clean and to deny its privileges to those who would make it a vehicle for spreading indecency and filth, in meeting the hypocritical and absurd contention that such statutes interfere with the liberty of the press, the courts have said:

The constitutional guaranty of a free press cannot be made a shield from violation of criminal laws, which are not designed to restrict the freedom of the press but to protect society from acts clearly immoral or otherwise injurious to the people.

The above is language used in the unanimous opinion of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit in the case of *Tyomies Pub Co. v. U. S.*, a case decided March 3, 1914 (see 211 Federal Reporter, pp. 385, 388).

That case was one against the publishers of a daily newspaper for violating Sec. 211 of the United States Penal Code by sending through the mails copies of their paper containing certain obscene or filthy matter. Defendants had been found guilty, after a trial in the United States District Court. On appeal they raised a cry about the much-abused and misunderstood defense of freedom of speech and liberty of the press. The Appellate Court, however, in affirming the judgment of the Court below, met and answered that specious defense in the words above quoted, citing the following decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States in support of the Court's decision and in answer to the defendant's silly contention that liberty of the press means license to violate the laws of the land: *Ex parte Jackson*, 96 U. S. 727; *In re Rapier*, 143 U. S. 110; *Public Clearing House v. Coyne*, 194 U. S. 497.

In the above decisions, as well as in many more which could be cited to the same effect, the Federal Courts of the United States have not been afraid to say to would-be tyrants of the press that, under our Constitution and under our laws, liberty of the press does not mean license to break the law; that, under our government, even a newspaper editor, publisher or proprietor, in the enjoyment of his liberty, is not above the law.

Will it ever be possible to make men, such as your correspondent "H. F. G.," see that in well-organized, truly civilized society, in which proper laws are not only enacted but also enforced, it should be possible to prevent any one from suffering from another's abuse of liberty; and that all who want to be good citizens in decent, civilized society are likely to have, so long as they respect the law and the rights of their neighbor, all the liberty which a good citizen should care to possess?

St. Louis.

PAUL BAKEWELL.

Mrs. Pankhurst in Paris

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In connection with your mention, in AMERICA for June 26, of Mrs. Pankhurst's homage to Blessed Joan of Arc, allow me to remove a misapprehension. It is not the first occasion on which Mrs. Pankhurst has publicly demonstrated her veneration for the valiant French maiden, for during past years she never visited Paris without laying flowers at the base of her statue, no more than she left the city without praying before the altar of Our Lady of Victories. The public press which sneered at Mrs. Pankhurst's campaign against vice never mentioned anything in her favor; but today, when she espouses the cause of ravaged Belgium, it stoops to record facts. It may be that Mrs. Pankhurst showed undue readiness to tie the millstone round the neck where it belonged, but those personally acquainted with her know that she is an excellent housekeeper, an expert needlewoman, and a gentle, patient nurse. In a conversation which I had with this old-time votary of Blessed Joan before I left England for Serbia, two months ago, she said:

My husband, Dr. Pankhurst, considered that *the law is a great educator*, and while men continued to regard it as a criterion of conduct it was our duty to endeavor to bring it into line with the Ten Commandments.

He thought, and I am of his mind, that woman's influence could not fail to ennoble and spiritualize our legislature. She should not tolerate the legal enactment of principles opposed to the morality taught by her in the home.

May I remark, further, that we have at this moment in Serbia splendidly trained and equipped hospital units whose noble work reflects credit on their organizers, the Englishwomen's and Scotchwomen's Suffragist leaders.

Valievo, Serbia.

ELIZABETH CHRISTITCH.

"Charlie" Chaplin

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reply to the "Note and Comment" in your issue of August 14, referring to "Charlie" Chaplin, I should like to say a word in his defense. In several of the plays on the "White List" published in AMERICA some months ago, there were scenes of more harmful vulgarity than Chaplin at his most vulgar, notably "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Girl of the Golden West." Why should we lose a great "movie" actor, a man who can bring really sincere, heartfelt laughter to us, just because his associates and managers have not a proper sense of decorum? And if at times our "Charlie" lapses a trifle, what are the censors for? Why not remove the offensive part of the film and leave the funny part? Besides, little of his vulgarity is really bad. It is harmful for children, perhaps, but the moving-picture show, except on rare occasions, with specially arranged programs, is not the place for children.

The classing of "Marie Odile" with fun-creating "Charlie" is unfair. Perhaps I am biased, for after the posing Bushmanns, the obscene Hams, the milk-and-watery Anita Stewarts, the offensive "triangle plays," the disgusting music-hall scenes, and the innumerable bedroom and birth scenes, an evening of "Charlie" Chaplin's skilful, sincere and cheerful acting comes as a refreshing relief to me. Let the censors put their activities where they are needed.

Chicago.

A. F.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In "Note and Comment" of AMERICA for August 14, I read that the State Board of Censors in Kansas had found "Charlie" Chaplin's moving pictures unfit for presentation. I earnestly trust that this most laudable action will be speedily followed by other boards of censors throughout the country. I have never witnessed more disgusting or repellant pictures than those enacted by Chaplin. His films are especially demoralizing to our youth. The sad part is that many seemingly refined persons are not opposed to these pictures. I believe that they are at first disgusted with these films, then they tolerate them and finally they come to a stage where they actually enjoy them. There are a few rays of hope in the fact that the Chicago censors have made several "cutouts" in Chaplin's last films. But all the moving picture censors should insist that his vulgar horse-play and degenerating slap-stick be eliminated altogether.

Chicago.

G. CONWAY BRYANT.

Arkansas, not Iowa

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The number of AMERICA for August 7 contains an article entitled, "Oh, Georgia!" in which there is the following paragraph

It is a monstrous outrage, altogether worthy of certain decadents in Iowa, who sleep in trousers and boots, eat hog and hominy from the end of a knife, drawl through their nostrils in speech, making a noise like a wheezing accordion, and imprudently send committees into convents to search for ants, cockroaches and watered tea.

AMERICA is always so correct in its statements that undoubtedly the word "Iowa" in the above is a slip of the pen. The Convent Inspection bill was not passed by the Legislature of this State and the creatures you describe are not found in this Commonwealth. You undoubtedly refer to Arkansas.

Dubuque, Ia.

JOHN J. MULLANY.

[The editorial in question referred to Arkansas.—Ed. AMERICA.]

A M E R I C A

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Will the Authorities Act?

MR. LOUIS MARSHALL, learned in the science of the law, and a member of the New York Constitutional Convention, is justly indignant that even after the Frank lynching, a certain anti-Semitic publication, issued in Georgia, is allowed to continue its campaign of calumny. "The Federal authorities," he is quoted as saying, "should take instant action in the matter. They have a clear case. By means of the mails this vile publication spreads obscenity and incites to public disorder."

Mr. Marshall is certainly correct in saying that the Federal authorities would be amply justified in excluding this publication from the mails. Mr. Paul Bakewell, of St. Louis, proved this point beyond cavil in a legal argument addressed nearly a year ago to the Solicitor for the Post Office Department. The Department, however, aware of its inability to answer this document has maintained a calm but ignoble silence. Will it awaken to the call of Mr. Marshall? Will Mr. Marshall, as a good citizen, address a protest, not to the crass person who admits these purveyors of obscenity to the privilege of the mail service, but to his superior officer, the Postmaster-General? Should he adopt this course, he will have the undivided support, not only of all Catholics, but of every decent citizen in the United States.

A Rash Commission

THE Federal Commission on Industrial Relations has completed its work by submitting two discordant reports. This might have been expected. The evils which afflict industrial conditions in this country are so numerous and varied, that no two men, however intelligent and honest in purpose, will agree either on their

extent, their cause, or the remedy to be applied. No one ever thought that the Commission could possibly devise a panacea; nevertheless the investigators seem to have closed their work in a chorus of disapprobation almost universal. It may be thought somewhat significant that the grievance alleged in many sounding criticisms lies in the fact that with incredible effrontery the Commission dared to include Messrs. Rockefeller and Carnegie within the scope of its investigations.

To attack the holders of wealth simply because they have great possessions is the height of injustice, but to question the source of these swollen fortunes, to inquire keenly into the means by which they are maintained and increased, is neither the first step to Socialism nor an attack upon the stability of sane industrial conditions. Messrs. Rockefeller and Carnegie are with almost literal exactness masters of millions of workers. A fraction of their income has been devoted to what they, in all honesty, no doubt, consider the moral and intellectual "uplift." Mr. Carnegie has built a Peace Palace. Few are the village libraries that have not sculptured his name above their doorways. Mr. Rockefeller supports an institute for medical research, and has shown great zeal in caring for birds in Louisiana. These gentlemen are free, within limits, to do what they like with their money. Nevertheless, one cannot forbear the criticism that some of this liberality might have been spent to better purpose, in alleviating the shocking injustice by this time existing almost with the sanction of custom, which is suffered by the laboring classes.

Nothing, however, should obscure the fact that Mr. Walsh's proposed method of dealing with fortunes in excess of one million dollars, amounts to confiscation. It is true that the civil government has the right to remove by proper means, any danger which clearly threatens its existence or the welfare of its citizens; nevertheless, in the present matter, other means short of confiscation will suffice. The right to hold property is sacred and must ever remain such. Wrong is not righted by another wrong, and in these days when in the name of progress, the modern sociologist offers a system which justifies unnatural crime, murder, suicide and rapine, it is well to hold fast to a policy of conservatism. Better far the limited tyranny of the capitalist than this moral and civil anarchy.

Brothers-In-Arms

ON a subway express the other day a very good question was asked. "Where are the Socialists in the present war?" The answer is very easy: in the trenches, in the hospitals, and under the trampled grass of Europe's battle-ground. Hervé shouted not long ago, "In no case can Socialists slaughter one another!" But when the war-drum sounded last summer, Hervé called upon his fellow-Socialists to fly at the throat of the German invader, though Hervé knew well that about one-third of

the German fighting machine follows the red flag. That is to say, in theory. What Hervé did in France was done by every Socialist leader in the different nations that were taking up the sword. They became good recruiting agents, and summoned their brothers to the fray. What a chance it was to test the universal brotherhood notion! The longed-for opportunity had come for meeting militarism or capitalism in the death-grapple. All mobilization measures would be answered by insurrection, then a world-wide strike would be called, and war would vanish in thin air. How simple, theoretically! "It has been our proudest boast," said Uswald, "that Socialism would make war impossible." How was the boast fulfilled? On a summer day the Slav mobilized, and the Teuton started on his march for the Seine. Then the Socialist leaders swallowed their boast, and somersaulted into patriots, preaching nationalism with gun and cannon. "Workers of the world, unite!" was their slogan in July. "Rally to the flag," was the battle-cry of August. Fine patriotism, but it burst the bubble of universal brotherhood, which is the heart of Socialism. So when the war-orgy began some 8,000,000 Socialist votes were represented by the armies in the field. Brothers-in-arms, Gaul, Teuton, and Slav, writing the failure of Socialism in one another's blood. Fatherless children these, for they disowned their Father, who is in heaven, and thought they could live as brothers in a fool's paradise.

Murder and Toothbrushes

BY virtue of his many gifts, Mr. Ernest C. Moore holds a chair in Harvard University. Happily, however, he does not confine to these hallowed precincts his heaven-born mission of diffusing sweetness and light. Quite recently he traveled to Los Angeles, and in the presence of the Council of Social Agencies, delivered an address on "The Child in Modern Society." Starting from a given point, Mr. Moore discoursed for about 4,000 words, but his opinion on the child in modern society may be summed up briefly: there are too many of him. To meet this shocking condition, he appeals very frankly to the methods of the stock-farm, but is forced to admit that despite the care of the veterinary, unfit children will continue to be born. What is to be done with them? "Shall society," asks Mr. Moore, "revert to the ancient practice of examining all who are born, and picking out those children who are not fit to live and putting them to death?" Answer, you mothers, who with tenderest love, hold a little weakling to your bosoms! As for Mr. Moore, he can only quote a beast named Engel, who says that these should be quickly destroyed, and adds for himself, that "It is not clear just how that problem should be solved." Murder seems to sit easily upon his conscience.

On one subject alone does Mr. Moore grow really eloquent. It is the toothbrush. "How many boys and girls of your generation and mine," he cries out, struggling

with his sobs, "suffered untold horrors from toothache, and now go through life marred and maimed. In New York City recently there was a toothbrush drill in Central Park in which hundreds of public school children took part. This is a good illustration of the stress which modern society is beginning to put on these matters." It is, truly; but would it not have been far better had these children been put to death at the first sign of toothache? "I never yet saw a man who was overfond of dogs and horses," writes that keen philosopher, O. Henry, "but what was cruel to women." Anathematize the adenoid, enshrine the toothbrush, preach the murder of sickly babes, and you have fulfilled the whole duty of that modern vampire, the materialistic sociologist.

The Official Bulletin Writer

THE difficulties that beset the war editor who wishes to be fairly truthful, moderately neutral and yet readable withal, are entertainingly described in a paper contributed to the September *Atlantic Monthly* by Mr. Simeon Strunsky. The French, German, British, Russian or Italian "official bulletins," he long ago discovered, "are offered for anything but information." Rather they are meant to cheer, encourage and nerve for greater sacrifices the anxious millions who remain at home. The official bulletin writer has a literary technique which the telegraph editor must understand thoroughly. The rules prescribe, for instance:

That little victories shall be described at much greater length than big victories, that small defeats shall be promptly acknowledged for the purpose of creating an atmosphere of absolute frankness, and that serious reverses shall at first be passed over in silence, then alluded to as a matter of course, and ever after that characterized as a strategic retirement, a rectification of the front, a readjustment of the wings in closed cooperation with the center, a consolidation of position, a withdrawal from positions that had lost importance, and so forth. . . . An army is never beaten, an army seldom retreats. . . . When important positions are lost, it is reassuring to know that, though our positions are lost, our army is intact. And when the army itself has been badly beaten, it is a comfort to know that the morale of the army is intact. And when the morale of the army comes under suspicion, there is still the Will of the Nation, the Determination to Conquer which remains intact.

That being the style of the official bulletin writer's report, it is interesting to read the German and the French account of a skirmish that took place, say a week ago, on the western front, an account that differs very little from the description of a similar engagement occurring last spring at almost the same spot. Perhaps our brave fellows, after receiving the enemy's charge retired in good order to a stronger position which they had intended all along to take. They saved much of their artillery and the morale of the forces remains intact. Or perhaps our troops, attacking the enemy fiercely, seized 500 yards (on a 600-mile front), occupied the abandoned trenches and

captured five guns, thus winning a victory of the highest strategic importance.

We have now been getting for more than a year official bulletins couched in language like the foregoing. As such reports convey to the ordinary reader very little information he is content to rely chiefly on headlines for his news of the war. The more discerning, however, who follow with maps and pegs the movements of the opposing armies realize that in the West there has long been a practical deadlock and that the end of this dreadful conflict is still far distant.

The Teaching Kine

OLD-FASHIONED ascetical writers, commenting on the passage in Leviticus which prescribes what animals the Israelites should use for food, are fond of drawing quaint lessons for the godly from the fact that beasts accounted clean divide the hoof and chew the cud. The cloven foot, we are admonished, symbolizes that holy prudence which readily distinguishes good from evil, and the ruminating habit, we are told, typifies the soul-cleansing value of meditation. So those who have learned how to make the things of earth lift the heart to heaven, say these grave authors, cannot behold the calm and placid kine without being gently reminded of the constant need we have of discretion, and without realizing more perfectly the worth of the peace that follows meditation. Even when we are at table, the appearance of the joint should make us intensely sober and reflective, these holy ones hint, for is not man far duller than the ox in discerning what is truly good?

Thousands of city folk now returning from the country doubtless observed with amusement the meditative air of the farmer's cows, but completely missed the lesson that our old ascetics would have had the visitors draw from the spectacle. We read of the young king:

"Consideration like an angel came,

And whipped the offending Adam out of him."

If a similar spirit of "consideration" were to come to those who are now going back to town life, perhaps we should find fewer "representative Catholics" stones of stumbling to their humbler brethren. For the practical attitude toward Catholic education, Catholic marriages and dangerous amusements taken by the children of the Church who are prominent in a community's social or civic life has, of course, a most potent influence for good or evil on their countless imitators. But consideration and discretion can be learned even from the kine.

The Thought of the Dead

THERE is hardly a sight more common in our streets, even in time of peace, than the sight of death. Daily we see passing before our eyes the slow hearse, followed by a train of somber carriages with their shades drawn, and black-veiled figures we know are sit-

ting inside and weeping. Who thinks while he pauses for the funeral to pass of saying a heart-felt prayer in condolence for the living in their sorrow and for the repose of the soul of the dead? We easily become familiar with death in its normal flow, and only stop perforce to notice it.

Yes and we have become familiar with death flowing past us too, in torrents, the torrents of war. Isn't this true? We scan now with a rapid glance the small type estimate, far down the column, of the millions slain in the first year of the war, we who were horrified in the first few months of the war by the dark headlines of slaughter in Belgium and at the Marne. No one in those days but felt a sharp stab of sympathy for the countless victims of war, and murmured in his heart a prayer for them. Who now prays for the dead over his morning newspaper? It is the same old story of neglect of common things. We turn again to the sporting sheet, and the society page, and the courthouse news of yesterday with more interest than to the story of the war.

But the souls of the dead are crying loudly, more loudly every day of the war, for the help of the living, and sympathy for them should be still strong, as was the sympathy of the heart of Christ. When Christ saw the sorrowing widow of Naim following the body of her son out of the city gates to the grave, He was filled with pity for her, and with the true sympathy of deeds, not merely of words and feeling, He did all that He could both for the living and the dead, even to the extent of performing a miracle of His power. The best that the Faithful upon earth can do is not merely the passing tribute of a tear, but earnest daily prayer for the repose of the souls of the dead, as each day renews for us the memory of their need. Our Holy Father has given his flock an example of such solicitude, not only by the prayers for the dead which he has directed to have said since the war began, but also by the privilege which he is reported to have granted recently to the priests of all the world of celebrating three Masses on All Souls' Day. God's blessed in Heaven will see and marvel at the fruits of this holy exercise of the Communion of Saints and the holy souls in their happiness will praise the work of God, just as the people did who saw the miracle of the resurrection of the widow's son. "A great prophet has arisen among us, and God has visited his people."

Moreover, the pious organization of the Apostleship of Prayer has been urging upon its members during the past month to pray for the "Conversion of Protestants." This also is a very profitable thought of the dead, for those who remain outside of the Church, Protestants and others, frequently have not within them the living principle of God's sanctifying grace and of faith, or at least are cut off from the full life of the Church; and conversion for them means the beginning of the full supernatural life of the soul, a gift more wonderful even than bringing the body back from the dead.

LITERATURE

The Catholic's Bookshelf: Edmund Burke

VIII

IT is now a century and a quarter almost since the death of Edmund Burke, the great orator and still greater writer, the sturdy champion of justice and of truth. By the common verdict he is proclaimed the supreme master of the English language in the eighteenth century. Some would clothe him with larger honors and lift him to the summit of English prose. Without attempting to decide that question, we can affirm that the bookshelf unhonored of such masterpieces as "The Reflections on the Revolution in France," the "Letter to a Noble Lord," the "Letters on a Regicide Peace," and the orations on "American Taxation" and "Conciliation," is very incomplete. No man is fit to govern England, said Augustine Birrell, who has not read and mastered his Burke. He has missed one of the inspirations of life, who has not thumbed and dog-eared the weighty volumes and listened to the wise oracles of this great seer.

In the pages of Edmund Burke there breathes and burns the impassioned eloquence of a great tribune. The man who, in the name of humanity, could impeach the guilty Warren Hastings has "the amplitude, the weight, the inspiration, the high flight" of that Milton whom he so much admired. When he is roused by cruelty and wrong, the hammer-strokes of invective, indignation and scorn fall and crash with titanic power. Their echoes have not yet died away. The secret is not far to find. The high thought and the burning words poured naturally and irresistibly from a manly and generous heart. Forced "at every turnpike" on the road to success and honor to show his credentials and to win his way on his own merits, Burke never for a moment attempted to rise by the craven acts of the time-server and the politician. He did not consider whether a measure or a principle were popular. He asked: "Is it just?" There was something of the chivalrous, if fantastic, Don Quixote in this fiery Celt. He was an idealist. Head down and lance in rest, he charged at times against windmills. He was, on occasion, unhorsed in the encounter. If his enemies laughed at his discomfiture, they never for a moment doubted the spirit and the mettle of the man. That awkward figure might be a little grotesque; it was certainly not commonplace.

The mind of the orator of "Conciliation" was massive and comprehensive. It vigorously grasps the subject as a whole, winds like a serpent into its folds and wrappings, minutely analyzes and dissects its parts. The topics with which Burke dealt in pamphlet, letter or debate, no matter how occasional or transient, seemed to grow under his touch, like that magic tapestry in Irving's story of the enchanted tower of Toledo, which, unrolling and expanding in the air, grew sonorous with the crash of drum and cymbal and the shock and trappings of contending hosts. His themes were imperial. He thought and spoke in terms of world-wide interest. Justice, law, order, truth, the freedom of nations, the rights of the oppressed, the sacredness of the Constitution, are the magic words which everywhere stand out in bold relief in the gorgeous mosaic of his outbursts and in the bell-toned judicious utterances of his more sober appeals. Hence the magnificence of his diction and the elevation of his expression. He brooded over the wrongs of nations. Sibyllike, he foretold the overthrow of empires and thrones. He pleaded for the Pariahs of Oude and Bengal. He clamored for justice to the persecuted Catholics of Ireland, for honor

and fair play with the American Colonies. He warned his countrymen against the rising tide of the French Revolution.

It is no wonder that his Celtic imagination, catching fire with such rich and glowing themes, fairly blazes out into a splendor of imagery, a variety of trope and figure, a gorgeousness of diction unsurpassed in any other English writer. His material is solid gold, but chiseled and embossed to rarest beauty, with all the skill and quaint devices of a Benvenuto Cellini. His language, to use Newman's words of a kindred subject, "express not only his great thoughts, but his great self." Undoubtedly, he carried this power to excess. Declamation and ornament sometimes outstrip the sense. The stream of his eloquence runs deep and strong. But here and there an unsubstantial froth and foam eddies on its surface. A little sediment lurks beneath, and uncouth creatures gambol upon its waters. Burke's taste was not always pure, but few of our English authors can compare with Burke in moral elevation, in sincerity, in earnestness, in logic, in breadth of view, in clear and statesmanlike vision. Some of these qualities in Burke the statesman were impediments, perhaps, to Burke the orator. Negligent of those outward forms which lesser men so studiously and wisely observe, too slow in getting to close quarters with his theme, he wasted like a spendthrift the serene wisdom and the world-wide erudition of the ripest scholarship and the broadest culture before audiences impatient to come to an already predetermined verdict. But posterity reads with delight the masterpieces addressed to empty benches. To have known Burke as Johnson and Goldsmith, Reynolds and Fox, Garrick and Boswell and Barry and Burney knew him in the "Club" was a liberal education. To read him now is a vitalizing and ennobling experience. To the young Catholic in training for public life, for the bar, for literature, eager to master the principles of sound political morality, to learn how fancy, imagination, logic, reason and passion may be mustered into the service of justice and truth, we would unhesitatingly say: "Read Edmund Burke." He will be a stiff master in the beginning, but contact with his large and spacious spirit will soon work its spell and lift the docile student into brighter and nobler realms.

By a destiny which we cannot too much deplore, Burke, the son of a Catholic mother, and married probably to a Catholic, knew relatively little of the Catholic Church. Generally at least, for sometimes his Protestantism is but too apparent, he is above the prejudices and the bigotry of his contemporaries. On the whole he seems to have been indifferent to her history and her claims. The pity of it! *Talis cum sis, utinam noster esses!* Dear, generous, high-minded Edmund Burke, being what you are, would that you were wholly ours! For what might the champion of persecuted Catholics become, what still nobler words might he not have uttered, had his splendid intellect been enlightened and guided by the teachings of the Catholic Church. But in spite of Burke's Protestant training and associations, there was a Catholic leaven in him. He has the Catholic love of tradition and authority. With true Catholic conservatism, he is suspicious of novelty and quick-moving reform. He venerates the past; he vindicates the fundamental principles of the moral law. He is not afraid to hold up the teachings of the Gospel as the standard of public and private morality for a Christian people. He bows with resignation and humble pride beneath the chastening hand of the "Supreme Director in the Drama of the World." Catholics owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude. For he spoke up for us in no hesitating accents, when it was neither safe nor popular to plead our cause. "His wisdom," says Lionel Johnson, "is for all time, not for the last century. When we wish to study principles of government, of statecraft, of

political philosophy, which breathe the very reality of humanity, yet are filled with a sacred spirit, from 'an ampler ether, a diviner air' than ours, we can turn with security to our Chrysostom of statesmen," Edmund Burke.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Works of Henry Vaughan. Edited by LEONARD CYRIL MARTIN, M.A., B.Litt. Two Volumes. New York: The Oxford University Press. \$5.75.

The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick. Edited by F. W. MOORMAN. New York: The Oxford University Press. \$4.15.

These are fine new editions of two Caroline poets' complete works. The printing and editing are admirably done, Mr. Martin, Mr. Moorman and the Oxford University Press having spared no pains to provide the critical reader with a handsome, annotated text of all Vaughan's and Herrick's writings. "The Silurist's" beautiful poem beginning, "They are all gone into the world of light," his famous "Retreat" and "The Vision" of eternity are familiar to all who know their "Golden Treasury" well, but the other writings of this Catholic-minded poet ought to be widely read. For there is little of the Protestant about Henry Vaughan. He dedicates his "Silex Scintillans" "To my most merciful, my most loving and dearly loved Redeemer, the ever blessed, the only Holy and Just One, Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, and the sacred Virgin Mary," and at his best he writes like a Catholic. Being a seventeenth-century poet Vaughan was somewhat addicted to "conceits," but he had the divine spark withal. Both these characteristics appear in the lines called "Son-dayes":

Bright shadows of true Rest! some shoots of blisse,
Heaven once a week;
The next worlds gladness prepossest in this;
A day to seek
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We Climb above all ages; Lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich,
And full redemption of the whole weeks flight.
The Pulleys unto headlong man; times bower;
The narrow way;
Transplanted Paradise; Gods walking houre;
The cool o' th' day;
The Creatures *Jubile*; Gods parle with dust;
Heaven here; Man on those hills of Myrrh, and flowres;
Angels descending; the Returns of Trust;
A Gleam of glory, after six-dayes-showres.

But this country doctor, besides being a poet, was also a writer of quaint and melodious prose. He Englished a Latin version of Plutarch's essay, "Of the Benefit we may get by our Enemies"; adapted "The Praise and Happiness of the Countrie Life" from the Spanish of Don Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Carthage; translated from the Latin, "Temperance and Patience," "Life and Death," two excellent discourses by Father Juan Eusebio Nieremberg y Olin, a prolific Jesuit writer of the day; prepared an English version of "The World Contemned," which Eucherius, Bishop of Lyons, composed, and translated several medical treatises. "The Mount of Olives," Vaughan's book of "Solitary Devotions," is full of beautifully worded prayers and solid reflections, and his "Primitive Holiness Set Forth in the Life of Blessed Paulinus, the Most Reverend and Learned Bishop of Nola" is fragrant with the author's own piety, and shows how familiar he was with the Fathers. Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has done a great deal to make Henry Vaughan's works better known.

But "The Silurist's" contemporary, Robert Herrick, though he has left us in his "Hesperides" many graceful verses in praise of Julia and other fair dames, makes pretty apos-

trophes to violets, daffodils, etc., and gives us sprightly pictures of old English customs, has also written numerous lines that any Christian, let alone a clergyman, should blush to own. His outlook on the world is, for the most part, frankly pagan. "Gather ye Rosebuds while ye may" is his philosophy of life, and he writes with more zest about sack and revels and frail ladies, than about fasts and feasts and saints. The "Hesperides" closes with this couplet:

To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't,
Jocund his Muse was, but his Life was chaste,

and the second poem in "His Noble Numbers or His Pious Pieces" is "His Prayer for Absolution," running thus:

For Those my unbaptized Rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed Times;
For every sentence, clause and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord)
Forgive me God, and blot each line
Out of my Book, that is not Thine.

Nevertheless, when he prepared his verses for their final publication, using the file on them for years, he deliberately sent to the printer at last many a foul epigram that has little value as poetry, and many a lubricious passage that is all the more dangerous from being gracefully worded. But Herrick, it must be remembered, was a Cavalier poet of the Restoration, better than many of his contemporary writers, and from his works can be gathered an excellent anthology of verses that are as delicate as they are musical. W. D.

The War and the Prophets. By HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.00.

Father Thurston's object in these pages is not to deny credibility to any and every attempt to foretell future events. In fact, he believes that there are persons to whom a knowledge of the future has been given in ways that surpass our comprehension. But he maintains that the foreseeing of political events of general interest does not fall within the scope of this foreknowledge, or at least that it is difficult to establish this peculiar gift of prophecy by evidence. It does not seem to be according to the workings of Divine Providence that assurance of the happenings of the morrow should be granted to the greater part of mankind.

Of the hundreds of predictions contained in the different collections that the author has examined, nearly all have been refuted by the actual course of events. There is but one prophecy, bearing on the present world conflict, that seems to have the slightest intrinsic probability. It was made by a Carmelite nun in the year 1868. Yet even in this example the extrinsic evidence is not at all convincing. Father Thurston calls attention to the well-known fact, borne out by history, that in periods of unrest and excitement like the present, men's minds are most open to receive tales of every description. "The more we can maintain our attitude of robust common sense, the better for ourselves and for our neighbors," is his sane conclusion. "The War and the Prophets" is a valuable addition to the literature brought forth by the present European struggle. G. C. T.

The Movement Towards Catholic Reform in the Early Sixteenth Century. By GEORGE V. JOURDAN, B.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

From the conclusion of his work one would gather that the Rev. Mr. Jourdan had in mind, when composing his book, to contribute, as far as lay in his power, something to the union of the severed branches of Christendom; and there is no one who retains any shred of Christianity who will not approve his laudable endeavor. The task is not an easy

one, and the hopes of its success are not bright, as he admits, though all must avow with him that "there are no impossibilities with God." He is candidly Protestant, but no more offensive to Catholics than might be expected from one who has been fed on the calumnies directed against the Church for four hundred years. The movement toward reform which the author treats of is not one inaugurated by ecclesiastical authorities, or by saintly preachers and teachers, or by the many founders of gilds and hospitals and schools, of whom not a few lived in the half century preceding the close of Mr. Jourdan's era, 1536. He concerns himself chiefly with the school of Humanists, of whom Erasmus was the distinguished head and center, and not so much in their character as Humanists as in that of critics of things ecclesiastical. From this class must be excluded, of course, the Martyrs Fisher and More, who find a place in the book as friends of Erasmus, not as critics of the Church. Abundant material exists for writing the lives and labors of those concerned; but the author confines himself in the main to their devotion to preaching (Colet), to lecturing on the Scriptures and translating the Sacred Word into the vernacular (Colet, Fabre, Erasmus).

The study of the Bible and its private interpretation by each one will lead to a more simple form of Christianity, and a near approach to apostolic purity, so the author thinks; authority, so long usurped by the Popes, will be restored to the Faithful at large; elimination of dogmas, devotion to the Saints, ceremonies in the Liturgy and administration of the Sacraments, with suppression of holy days, will make for true devotion, and remove the danger of mechanical piety. These ideas of Erasmus, which seem to meet the approval of the author, have been carried out in some of the separated Churches and have resulted in empty pews and the preaching of sermons on topics of the day. If Erasmus could see what we behold he would, without doubt, hastily withdraw as he did in other cases, from a dangerous precipice. Reform of the Church can not mean disruption of the Church, such as she came from the hands of her Founder. As constituted by Him she is monarchical in form and unified, not by the unity of the episcopate as Mr. Jourdan claims, but by the supreme headship of the successor of St. Peter. This headship has been recognized not alone from the Carolingian period, but clearly at Ephesus and Calcedon under Celestine and Leo the Great.

P. J. D.

The Elements of the Great War. The First Phase. By HILAIRE BELLOC. With Photographs and Diagrams. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. \$1.50.

The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium. By G. H. PERRIS. With Maps and Plans by F. F. PERRIS and Photographs by the Author. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Here are two recent books on the war. The first is a substantial and serious military history of the "World War" from the opening of hostilities down to the battle of the Marne. It is the work of an expert; simple, clear, methodical. While intended to guide the more inquisitive student through the tangled labyrinth of tactics and strategy, it will interest the ordinary reader who, even now perhaps, has not fully grasped the object nor understood phases of the tragedy. The author divides the book into three natural and clean-cut parts. In the first, he analyzes the "Causes of the War"; in the second contrasts the "Forces Opposed," and in the third describes the "First Shock." Subdividing here, Mr. Belloc defines the German object which led up to the war, shows how this object conflicted with the wills of other nations, briefly sketches the rise of Prussia and of her domination over North Germany, and then outlines the position of Austria-Hungary.

In the section entitled "Forces Opposed" are noted the contrast in geographical position of the rival countries, the available number of trained men and reserves, and the way in which the hostile countries had thought of the war. In the third part the first stage of the actual conflict is masterfully described.

Mr. Belloc's book analyzes itself. It unrolls like a war-map. Though a thorough Englishman, the author is not a partisan, but calm and judicial in tone. He makes no appeal to national prejudice and is evidently sincere. In the section, however, where he describes the "German Object," it would have been a sounder method, and surely less open to criticism, had he quoted directly from German sources. But as a whole "The Elements of the Great War" is written in the true scientific spirit. The general reader will welcome its clear and bold outlines, and the military expert will be enabled, with facts before him, to reach a decision on many professional questions. Mr. Belloc intends to continue the history of the great struggle in five additional volumes.

The *London Chronicle* was fortunate in its selection of the author of the second book, Mr. G. H. Perris, as its special war-correspondent in the western front of the European battle-line. Though different in method and style, the author of this well-packed volume of 400 pages evidently belongs to that serious class of military writers which boasts of such leaders as Januarius Aloysius MacGahan and Archibald Forbes. The field of the "special correspondent" is more restricted now than in the days of the battles of Shipka Pass or Sedan. In spite, however, of these limitations the writer has seen a great deal of the present struggle. He carries his narrative from the invasion of Belgian territory by the troops of General von Emmich's Seventh German Army Corps to the fighting in Flanders at the end of the year. The campaign is followed step by step in fullest detail. The orderly narrative will help to lift the haze which still hovers around some of the initial maneuvers of the struggle. On the whole the book is a serious and carefully-planned contribution to the ever-growing literature of the war.

J. C. R.

The Meaning of Christian Unity. By WILLIAM H. COBB. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Cobb has a sincere interest in Christian unity and a sincere desire to promote it. Hence this book. He quotes with approval the saying of a Protestant bishop in a committee to prepare a World Conference of the Catholic Church: "I think we ought to go right to work and get at a rock-bottom understanding of what the Church is." Yet his notion of what unity should lead to seems to be of the haziest kind. All should join in the recitation of the Lord's Prayer, a valuable and not a difficult preliminary. The practice of the Eight Beatitudes is counseled, a more difficult requirement, and the teaching of the Parables is recommended. When the spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of charity, is fostered in the home, in the school, and practised in one's calling, in the Church and in political life, men will live the Christian life and be united by invisible bonds in the unity of Christ. He wants unity, but not union, and will have no dogma, no government. He will admit Catholics provided they get rid of the Pope. Suppose General Lee stipulated with General Grant that, as a preliminary to surrender, the presidency and Lincoln should be eliminated from the Union, what unity could there be? What would Grant have said? What would Mr. Cobb say to such a proposition? Much as the author desires unity, there is nothing in his book of practical value to the attainment of his goal.

P. J. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Thomas J. Gerrard's critical paper on "Ivan Mestrovic, the Serbian Sculptor," opens the September *Catholic World*, and is followed by Charles Baussan's optimistic account of "The Catholic Renaissance in France." He writes that, as a result of the war, "Much the same thing has happened throughout France as one sometimes sees at the bedside of a sick child. The crucifix is there upon the wall, the mother has not forgotten how to pray; once upon a time the father prayed also: now in their hour of agony, when life and death hang in the balance, their eyes turn again to the Crucified One." M. Baussan is confident this renaissance will endure and those now in power "will have to conform to the spirit of the country or resign their places to others." Thomas B. Reilly writes of St. Elizabeth of Hungary as "The Patroness of the Poor," William P. H. Kitchin contributes a good sketch of Abbé Vigouroux, the eminent Biblical scholar, and there is an agreeable variety of stories and verses in the number.

"The land" and oppression on the part of the landed aristocracy of England is the groundwork of John Galsworthy's latest problem-story, "The Freeland" (Scribner's, \$1.35). It does nothing but brood over and breed unrest and irreligion. "Liberty is a glorious feast," and the right of everyone to do whatever he likes, is the broad doctrine that speaks in the book through the harsh voice of unbridled nature in Kirsteen Freeland and her family; and the moral is that there is tyranny in the land over the weak and helpless, and that so long as it exists, which will be always, there will be rebellion and disturbances. There is no hope of happiness in England, save a false happiness in the mills of convention and amid the privileges of wealth; and no hope of happiness after death, where all is vague, mysterious and unknown.

The *Bookman's* list of "best sellers" for July offers no novel that has not been already noticed in *AMERICA*. They are these: "A Far Country," "Jaffery," "The Turmoil," "Polyanna Grows Up," "Thankful's Inheritance" and "The Harbour." Among the books other than fiction that booksellers report to be in demand are "When a Man Comes to Himself," Wilson; "The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns," Graves; "Eat and Grow Thin," Thompson; "Spoon River Anthology," Masters; "War Brides," Craig-Wentworth; "Chief Contemporary Dramatists," Dickinson; "The World in the Crucible," Parker; "The Note-Book of an Attaché," Wood; "The Spell of the Yukon," Service; "What Men Live By," Cabot; "That Something," Woodbridge, and "Four Weeks in the Trenches," Kreisler. Almost all the foregoing books have been reviewed in these columns.

Extension for September is a very attractive "Convent Number." The 50,000 Sisters now in this country, those who admire and venerate them, those who wish to know something of their life, work and varied activities, and those, too, who would like to join them will find a wealth of interesting reading in this finely-illustrated issue of *Extension*, as is clear from the following enumeration of titles: "What It Requires to Become a Nun," "What It Means to Be a Nun," "The Daughter I gave to the Church," "From Protestantism to the Cloister," "The Vows that Nuns Take," "How Can I Know that I Have a Vocation," "What Particular Order to Choose," "The Clamor for Convent Inspection," "The Army of Teaching Sisters," "The Ministering Sisterhoods," "A Maligned Order of Sisters," "Those Bad, Bad Sisters!" "What I Think of the House of the Good Shepherd," "A Few of the 50,000

Nuns in the United States; Representatives of Some of the Leading Sisterhoods," "The Contemplative Orders," "Notorious Ex-Nuns and Impostors," and "The Homecoming of the Sisters of the Atonement."

Mr. Frederick Thurston's "The Romances of Amosis-Ra" (Lippincott) is well named, for it tells the history of a seer in old Egypt. But it is with a shock of surprise that the realization comes home to the reader that "Amosis-Ra" is none other than the Moses of the Bible. Mr. Thurston has used his powers of story-telling, his wealth of ancient lore, his resources of modern "occult" science to make what must appear to many a profanation and travesty of the Bible story. The author seems to be proselyting for Spiritism.—Adele Bleneau in "The Nurse's Story" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.25) gives a vivid account of the work of an American girl acting as a nurse in the present war. The difficulty in this well-written tale is to sift the fact from the fiction. The picture of the Boulogne hospital opening its doors to the fast-coming ambulances filled with wounded soldiers just arriving from the field is one not easily forgotten. The novelty of the book lies in the blending of a romantic tale with the hard, true story of the aftermath of battle.

Katrina Trask, the author of the rather rhapsodical little book "The Mighty and the Lowly" (Macmillan, \$1.00), writes as if the world had been waiting until now to learn from her the true character of Our Blessed Lord. While the Protestants have made Him too human, the Catholic Church, it seems, has gone to the other extreme, enshrining "Him in a sacred, guarded tabernacle too high for men to reach: all-powerful, she has kept the multitude kneeling upon the pavement at His feet, whilst the commanding cry of sacerdotal priests" has proclaimed Him "very God of very God." Those "sacerdotal priests" must be a particularly arrogant type of clergy. Mrs. Trask apparently has never heard of the Sacred Heart devotion. Her book, which is directed against the so-called Christian Socialists, has good pages describing how contrasts met and united in Our Lord's character, but as she does not seem to "accept the doctrine of the Incarnation in a strict theological sense," heretical propositions are of course abundant.

"Consignes de Guerre" (Téqui, 3 fr. 50), by Monseigneur Tissier, Bishop of Châlons, is a collection of the brief and telling sermons delivered to his clergy and people on the occasion of the war. Some were composed to rouse the patriotism of his flock and to encourage the faint-hearted, while others were suggested by the sorrows and desolation of the invasion. In every line we feel the soul of a patriot enthusiastically and tenderly devoted to the cause of his country. But the patriotism is that of a sober and well-balanced man. There is no trace of Chauvinism, there are no ranting Philippics hurled at the foe. Monseigneur Tissier's fearless conduct during the German occupation of Châlons had well qualified him to lift his voice and cry aloud: *Sursum Corda!* His apostolic courage adds a new value to his words when he recalls to his people what faith and religion have done for their native land.

By crossing a Japanese waltzing mouse with the common white mouse an Edinburgh scientist produced a brown mouse, and "whenever a brown mouse appears," you must know, "he always changes things a little way or a big way." Now Herbert Quick's amiable hero, Jim Irwin, is a "Brown Mouse" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.25), who is elected by accident master of the village school and begins forthwith to arouse in his pupils such a lively interest in scientific farming and

is so successful in correlating the work of the school with that of the home that the boys and girls no longer heed the call of the city. A maiden's "humph" in the first chapter becomes a "yes" in the last, and the minor characters in this well-told story are entertainingly drawn.—"Anne of the Island" (Page, \$1.25), L. M. Montgomery's latest "Anne" book, completes the trilogy. During her college course at Redmond the effusive heroine rejects several suitors but in the end reconsiders the petition of one of them. "Davy" is not at all as funny as he is meant to be, and the conversations are sometimes tiresome. "The Summons" is a good chapter.—Only in one part of "The Two Sinners" (Dutton, \$1.35), Mrs. David G. Ritchie's novel, are the reader's sympathies much engaged. The characters are well drawn but there is too much "psychology." The observations on the religious practices of Ursula, the most attractive person in the book, leave us in doubt regarding the author's creed.

The "Elementary Algebra," prepared by H. E. Slaught and N. J. Lennes (Allyn & Bacon, \$1.00), is well suited to the beginner. In addition to clear, short definitions, it presents full, but brief, explanations of terms and difficult operations and not infrequently helps the student by illustrations drawn from such familiar objects as the balance and the thermometer. The frequent repetitions given are also very commendable. The book awakens the pupil's interest by the introduction of a number of pictures and short biographical sketches of some of the most famous mathematicians and by the insertion of many historical notes that tell of the origin and development of algebraic signs and methods.—What is noteworthy about Paul Klapper's "The Teaching of English" (Appleton, \$1.25) is the practical way in which the subject is treated. The author shows a full appreciation of the difficulties that confront the teacher and offers a clear statement of the remedies usually given to overcome them. The good and bad points are then shown by examples drawn from experience in the class-room, and finally the author's opinion is stated. Particularly well done is the part dealing with imitation work and the correcting of exercises. There should have been a preface to explain that the book is meant for primary and grammar grades.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Century Co., New York:**
Habits That Handicap. By Chas. B. Towns. \$1.20.
- E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:**
The Story of Canada Blackie. By Anne T. Field. \$1.00; The Irish Nuns at Ypres. By D. M. C., O.S.B. (Member of the Community). \$1.25.
- D. B. Hansen & Sons, Chicago:**
Our Palace Wonderful, or Man's Place in Visible Creation. Second Edition. By Frederick A. Houck. \$1.25.
- Mitchell Kennerley, New York:**
The Great War, The Second Phase. By Frank H. Simonds. \$1.25.
- L. C. G. Malmberg, Nijmegen:**
Leerboek der Nederlandsche Geschiedenis. J. Kleijntjens.
- The Macmillan Co., New York:**
A Student's History of Education. By Frank Pierrepont Graves. \$1.25; Teaching of History. By Henry Johnson. \$1.40; The Mighty and the Lowly. By Katrina Trask. \$1.00.
- Robt. M. McBride & Co., New York:**
The Soul of the War. By Philip Gibbs. \$1.75.
- A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago:**
Germany's Point of View. By Edmund von Mach. \$1.50.
- Chas. E. Merrill Co., New York:**
A First Year Course in General Science. With Manual. By Clara A. Pease.
- Oxford University Press, New York:**
The Compleat Angler. By Izaak Walton & Charles Cotton. Introduction and Bibliography by R. B. Marston. \$0.75.
- Pontificio Instituto Biblico, Roma:**
Un Commento A. Giobbe di Giuliano Di Eclana. P. Alberto Vaccari, S.J.
- Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:**
The Freeland. By John Galsworthy. \$1.35; The Holy Spirit in Thought and Experience. By T. Rees, M.A., B.A. \$0.75.
- Sturgis & Walton Co., New York:**
Debating for Boys. By William Horton Foster. \$1.00.

EDUCATION

High Winds in Chicago

IT may be admitted at the outset that the spectacle of an angry bishop and five menacing clergymen is calculated to daunt the bravest. A wrathful prelate, as is well known, upon an excess of real or assumed provocation, is likely to proceed to the extremity of banning the provoker; and to be banned is a dreadful thing, particularly if the banning be done with bell, book and candle, accompanied by the full ceremonial of five beetle-browed clerks chanting in unison the curse of Rome. Yet this is the strain to which Mrs. Ella Flagg Young was subjected on a fateful day long ago, when she was Principal of the Chicago Normal School. Like the ruler of the Queen's Nav-ee, she has since risen to higher things.

"HOLPUCH AND MRS. YOUNG"

You may read all about this unwonted episcopal visitation in the Chicago *Tribune* for August 4. It came about after this manner. The canny citizens of the western metropolis have long suspected that the schools of their fair city were not yielding a suitable return upon an enormous annual investment; hence, at their request, a committee appointed by the Senate of the imperial State of Illinois, was sent to Chicago on a mission of investigation. On the fourth day of August, the Superintendent of Schools, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, suddenly discovered that the parochial schools were to be blamed for much of the inefficiency of the public schools! Her opinion was at once recognized to have a decided news value, and was translated, not inaccurately, by the headliner of the Chicago *Tribune*, in these cold black lines:

CHARGE EVILS TO PAROCHIAL SCHOOL WAYS HOLPUCH AND MRS. YOUNG BLAME CRAMMING SYSTEM FOR POOR MATERIAL BISHOP IS INVOLVED!

Put more definitely, Mrs. Young said that the teaching in the public schools was poor because the teachers were inefficient, and the teachers were inefficient because they had been trained in the Catholic schools, which notoriously made a practice of "cramming" their pupils to pass the Chicago Normal School examinations.

CHICAGO PEDAGOGY

As head of the Chicago Normal School, Mrs. Young had passed many sleepless nights in search of a remedy against this maleficent practice. Finally she had hit upon the following plan, which as a pedagogical expedient is probably unequalled in the history of education:

In an effort to avoid the greater proportion of students from the parochial schools due to the system of cramming, I submitted a plan to Mr. Cooley. . . . This plan proposed that we ascertain the seating capacity of the normal school and the prospective number of graduates from the public, private and parochial schools. With this information, we could then apportion the seating capacity of the normal school among the various schools, so as to give each its proper quota.

Most normal schools select their pupils by examination; if the examinations are so poorly arranged as to be open to the attacks of the "cramming system," the proper procedure is to change the examinations. In the sapient mind of Mrs. Young, however, and be it remembered that this lady is in charge of one of the largest school systems in the world, the question of mental fitness is subordinated to "the seating capacity of the normal school."

AN EPISCOPAL VISITATION

The utter silliness of this device is enough to arouse wrath even in the pacific bosom of a bishop. The story of this wrath

as Mrs. Young conceived it, is thus sung by the *Chicago Tribune*: "Then Bishop Muldoon, accompanied by five priests called at the office, and declared that if this plan were put in effect the normal school would be closed in three weeks." At this point, one Mr. Holpuch broke in with the bromide that teachers prepared by the cramming method were really not prepared at all. When the intense excitement following the proclamation of this marvelous discovery had died away, the testimony went on:

"You mentioned something about Bishop Muldoon coming to see you," suggested Mr. Stein.

"Yes," repeated Mrs. Young. "Bishop Muldoon and five priests came to see me. They declared that the object of the Chicago parochial schools is to fit candidates for the normal school."

Now, all this is very categorical. We have the striking picture of Bishop Muldoon, in cope and miter, it may be, with, possibly, an episcopal ban tugging at its leash, accompanied by five priests who in the intervals of conversation probably beat with vigor upon five sets of separate and discordant sanctuary bells. It is very picturesque; a visit of a sort one would never forget. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Young's testimony indicates a creative imagination rarely found in one whose days are taken up with the dry-as-dust details of public administration.

A LAPSE OF MEMORY

The editor of the *Chicago New World* began a series of enquiries. These were brief, definite, but not in the least picturesque. Never in his life had Bishop Muldoon been in Mrs. Young's office. What is more, in the course of his whole career, secular, sacerdotal and episcopal, never had he enjoyed the pleasure of gazing upon the benign countenance of Mrs. Young, never had he been given the opportunity of listening to words of wisdom, falling with largesse, from her venerable lips. Further, although he had always been interested in the parochial schools, and in his own parish had one of the largest and best-equipped high schools in the country, he had never known that "the object of the Chicago parochial high schools is to fit candidates for the normal school." If this was their object, they had failed miserably; and they were on trial for being successful. He saw the graduates of these schools, not only teaching in the public schools, but enrolled in a number of the religious Orders. Many of them were in business life or in the professions; many were now mistresses of happy families of their own. In point of fact, the relation of the Catholic schools to the normal school had little of that intimate and exclusive character which Mrs. Young assigned to it.

These discoveries led to what our Gallic brethren term with unequalled felicity an *impasse*. Mrs. Young made the reply which she thought was due. Her memory was somewhat at fault, she explained. The bishop had not visited her, but he had visited the former Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Edwin G. Cooley, who had related the incident to her. She had never forgotten it. This seemed plausible or possible. Unhappily, however, Mr. Cooley chanced to be in the city. In the words of the *New World*, he declared, apparently with some heat, that "not only had he never told Mrs. Young that he had received such a visit, but as a matter of fact, Bishop Muldoon had never called upon him on such business at all."

THE "INFERIOR" PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

At this point, Mrs. Young with her wild and wandering strictures upon the "inferiority" of the parochial schools, may be quietly dismissed. It may be in order, however, to enquire into the cause of this rather despicable attack upon the Catholic schools. The cause is suggested by the statement made before the Senate Committee and reported in the *Chicago Tribune*, that in June, 1915, fifty-seven per cent. of the public school pupils passed the Normal School examinations. Of the candidates from the "in-

ferior" parochial schools, only sixty per cent. were successful. History has been repeating itself even to monotony in these examinations. The proverb is something musty; but one need not know a hawk from a handsaw, to be capable of discerning in this repetition, a motive.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

A Neglected Faculty

I MAY speak as one foolish, but it seems to me that our Catholic colleges, and particularly our Catholic universities, are failing to meet a need which is daily becoming more serious in every large American city. With the history of our educational activities, from the kindergarten to the university, I am fairly well acquainted. I know some of the obstacles which have been surmounted, and the difficulties with which Catholic education is now struggling. I should be the last, I think, to put a small valuation upon the services which our schools have rendered their communities, and the support which they have always given to the wider interests of education and religion. But with all this said, the Catholic institutions of higher learning are failing, I believe, and failing notably, to meet a very serious need in modern life.

In 1842, Charles Dickens gazed with astonishment upon a Catholic university set on the edge of a ragged town beyond the Mississippi. The institution was St. Louis University. Founded as a grammar school in 1818, and chartered as a university by the State of Missouri fourteen years later, this pioneer school had added a faculty of medicine in 1836 and of law in 1843. They were needed, and they came into existence. Under circumstances more favorable, perhaps, Georgetown, our oldest university, had pursued a like course. Mount St. Mary's, even in those days, was a well-known school, and not long after the foundations which in time became Holy Cross, Notre Dame and the Jesuit universities in Chicago, New Orleans and Santa Clara, had been solidly laid.

A NECESSARY FACULTY

Today, our schools of law, medicine, arts, science, philosophy and divinity are almost common. We have the newer faculties of dentistry, pharmacy, pedagogy, agriculture, music, engineering, architecture, commerce and finance, advertising and journalism. Not a few of these faculties are open to women, and some of our colleges maintain excellent night and extra-mural courses. Our combined educational forces form a true *universitas*, a *studium generale*, in the strictest sense. Best of all, our colleges are growing in strength and influence, despite the strange apathy of many Catholics whose ample means might make the way to broader usefulness a trifle easier. Unfortunately, American Catholic education has seen but one John A. Creighton, although it has looked with a certain envy upon many Catholics far wealthier, except in generosity, than this unique Catholic philanthropist. But in all this growth, perhaps because of it, one highly necessary modern faculty has been almost generally overlooked. So far as I have been able to ascertain, it exists in but two American Catholic universities. This is the faculty of social science, with its school of philanthropy or of sociology.

In only one of our large cities, Chicago, where the excellent Loyola University School of Sociology granted degrees for the first time last spring, is there a school with a strong faculty and ample facilities for research and for field work. New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and San Francisco do not know what a completely organized Catholic school of so-

ciology looks like. On the other hand, most of these cities are seats of that most effective agency in the propaganda of animalism, the modern pagan school of philanthropy.

THE "DON'T" POLICY

What is the inevitable result? Precisely that which is the invariable outcome of the exclusively "don't" policy. Let us take a somewhat similar example. Scarcely a single non-Catholic city college or university fails to provide extension courses for the convenience of public school teachers. A moral obligation of attending these courses, more or less weighty according to locality or the whim of the superintendent, is imposed upon the teacher, and thousands of Catholics, who happen to be employed in the public schools, are thus forced into the lecture-rooms of the non-Catholic college. Here they imbibe not merely historical views tinged, or thoroughly colored, with anti-Catholic feeling, but what is infinitely worse, principles which, if grasped and adopted, will certainly lead to loss of faith. "I would much prefer a Catholic college," a teacher once wrote, "but Catholic schools are not interested in us. When we ask even for an occasional lecturer, we are told, sometimes rather curtly, that none is available. The whole policy of the Catholic school seems to be to hold itself aloof from everything outside its walls. Of course, I know that some Catholic schools have a staff only just large enough to conduct the strictly intra-mural concerns of the institution. Nevertheless, if we can get no help from Catholic schools, we are forced to seek it in the non-Catholic school, dangerous as this plan often is."

THE USUAL RESULT

Can any other outcome be looked for? It is, of course, quite possible for Catholics not to attend these lectures. It is also quite probable, in the event of non-attendance, that when the promotion lists are written, the names of these recreants will be notably absent. I am not urging the attendance of Catholics at non-Catholic institutes, and I am well aware that even the means of livelihood must be sacrificed if faith is actually endangered. But I merely say that, if the Catholic colleges do not furnish these educational opportunities, the non-Catholic college will continue to gather in our Catholic teachers, who as a rule are the intellectual part of the lay-folk, and we shall have a revival of the musty lie that the Church is not interested in education beyond the three R's. Also we shall have occasional lamentable falls, and in the case of the many who do not apostatize, a dimming of the Catholic sense of the supernatural, which is practically equivalent to a denial of the Faith.

THE PAGAN SCHOOL

If Catholics attend the pagan school of sociology, and they are doing so in increasing numbers, the danger to faith and morals is increased ten-fold. I shall be met by the argument that many excellent Catholics have graduated from such schools. To this I can only say, that if the Faith of these persons is intact, it is only because they have utterly rejected the fundamental principles which these schools profess to teach. I fail to see how one's faith is unimpaired, if one accept the principle that it makes very little difference in sociology whether God is God or a myth. I call that psychology rotten in its effects upon morality which denies the existence of a rational soul, and the ethical system utterly damnable which fails to establish a practical standard of right and wrong, and minimizes, where it does not destroy, the idea of responsibility. And I know that those pupils, most of them, Heaven save the mark! young women, who taught the use of contraceptives to a whole foreign settlement, only followed the teaching of Mangold, himself the

director of a school of sociology, and the highly-lauded author of "Problems of Child Welfare."

PAGAN PRACTICES

Little need to stress the pagan character of modern sociology. Its foremost representatives boast the fact while denying the name. Spencer began by attacks upon the foundations of faith; he succeeded so well in certain quarters that his modern followers feel themselves free to train their batteries upon the elements of morality. Hence we have the ethics of the barnyard and the stock-farm; the stealthy introduction of unnatural methods which would shame a Nero or a Sade; the open discussion in mixed classes and before girls in their teens of phenomena which make the hardened delver into problems of morbid psychology question if all this pother is not raised rather by an unworthy curiosity than by a love of science. "To the pure, all things are pure," was the simple foreword to one of the vilest books ever published; and a modern sociologist who remarked, quite with the air of a discoverer, "the greatest reverence is due a child," earnestly advocates the early darkening of innocent minds with anatomical details usually deferred to the freshman year in medicine.

THE ANTIDOTE

This moral riot will continue in the absence of Catholic schools of sociology. Of this we may be sure. "To view the situation with alarm" is something; it shows at least the apprehension of danger; but it is not constructive work. Every Catholic university should have its school of sociology; perhaps a similar institution can be maintained by our stronger colleges. In the face of an actual need, we found the impossible task of establishing other professional schools quite possible. The establishment of a school of sociology is no small task, but it will require neither the incessant financial outlay nor the continued labor and watchfulness demanded, for instance, by our medical schools.

CATHOLIC RESOURCES

We have at our disposal professors competent to give valuable courses in civics, economics, psychology, rational and empirical, ethics, logic, history and literature, standard subjects, by the lack of which the typical pagan school, even in the opinion of friendly critics, is characterized. For the more specialized topics connected with medicine, law, finance, industrial conditions, we have our university faculties, and city and State officials, who, as a rule, gladly lend their aid to these schools. For field work there are hospitals, orphanages, playgrounds, social centers, correctional and trade institutions, and the slum districts, unfortunately too apparent in every city. We have the valued aid which would be afforded by Catholic social workers who are found in the St. Vincent de Paul, the sodalities, the Christ Child Society, the Queen's Daughters and similar Catholic organizations for the relief of the poor and the afflicted. It is simple truth to say that the Catholic university situated in a large city has all the elements of a school of sociology at its doors and, what is more to the point, at its disposal. All that is called for is a vigorous organization of these elements into a single educative agency.

SHALL WE USE THEM?

Here is a work of immense importance. Upon it the faith of many in the next generation depends. Pagan sociology, with its chain of schools, is living up to its name. It has much of the keenness and all the activity of the prince of darkness, and its efforts are tending, in many instances, no doubt, unconsciously, to the spread of evil. The need for

Catholic schools of sociology is very great. It is within our power to satisfy that need. Will our Catholic colleges and universities answer the call?

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Bible Societies are still flooding the market with the mutilated editions of the sacred text in different languages. The American Bible Society just announced the completion of the Portuguese translation for the Faithful in Brazil, who, of course, sadly need it after all these years of ignorance. Then too, Russian soldiers are to be provided with New Testaments, through the efforts of the American Society. It must be discouraging for these good people to read the report of the Indian Soldiers' Fund, which declares the Koran and not the Bible to be the "best seller" in religious literature.

The *Minneapolis Journal* some time ago published the following editorial remarks on prisons:

There is legitimate prison reforms and there is such a thing as rational treatment of criminals, making for their welfare and moral betterment. But the prison should not be so comfortable for the prisoner that he is better off in it than out of it, as in France. Nor should the prison merge its function as a place of punishment in its function as a place of reform. After all the criminal goes to prison to be punished primarily and only to be reformed secondarily.

If a criminal is not to be punished, what is to be done to him? Is he to be pampered and petted and sentimentalized over, to enjoy a better living and much more consideration than the average respectable citizen who has to hustle? Is he to be appealed to as a gentleman, a man of honor, and by his sympathetic response to avoid the major or harsher portion of his punishment? Is expiation to be omitted because a man repents or seems to repent, because he promises never to murder or to steal again?

Such old-fashioned reasoning is surely surprising! Why, the modern "up-lifter" scouts all idea of punishment! Entertain and amuse the law-breaker during his time of confinement, and then persuade him to go out and keep the laws, which will be a harder kind of life than breaking a few and returning for a brief rest in pleasant quarters!

The Superior General of the Christian Brothers of Ireland has decided on opening a novitiate in this country. With the sanction of the Holy See and the approbation of his Eminence Cardinal Farley the novitiate will be established at New Rochelle on the feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, September 8. The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools in Ireland, was founded at Waterford in 1802 by Edmond Rice, a merchant of that city. The wretched condition of the Catholic boys of his city appealed to this successful business man, and he determined to give up his life to their welfare. In 1820 the new Congregation was formally confirmed by a brief of Pope Pius VII, and in a very few years the schools had spread throughout Ireland. In Dublin today there are 6,000 pupils under the Brothers' care, in primary and secondary schools, orphanages, industrial schools and an institution for the deaf and dumb. Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Gibraltar, South Africa and India are witnesses to the zeal of the Irish Brothers. They are in charge of All Saints' School, and All Hallows' Institute, New York City, and by special request of the late Pope a community was established in Rome in 1900.

Colonel Goethals in telling the story of the Panama Canal in *Scribner's*, mentions the fact that club-houses were built by the Government and turned over to the Y. M. C. A. for management:

Prior to the opening of the first club-house, I found that considerable feeling existed among the men against the institution, for there was a large Catholic element in the force,

and there was an idea extant that those of this faith would be excluded from membership through the exercise of religious ceremonies to which they could not conform. The affairs of the clubs were to be in charge of an advisory board to be appointed by the chairman of the commission, and I appointed on this board a Catholic for the very purpose of overcoming this feeling. It was also arranged that Bible classes and other religious services usually held in the Y. M. C. A.'s in the United States would not be organized by the management, leaving such activities, should any develop, entirely to the membership.

Of course the colonel does not know that he took the heart out of the Y. M. C. A. idea by his praiseworthy action. He made it a real club that discriminated against no one: a Christian club for young men who were on the Isthmus, excellent in every respect according to report, and outraging no man's religious convictions.

There are three thousand children enrolled in the Vacation Bible Schools of the city of New York. They represent every race and creed in the polyglot population of the metropolis. In one school ninety-eight per cent of the pupils are Syrian, and part of the day is spent in the study of Arabic at the request of the little ones, who would otherwise be idle on the streets. The sessions last two hours every morning, and the schools total fourteen, all under Protestant auspices. There is one Catholic vacation school in Brooklyn.

The Bureau of Naturalization has given its views on the training of new citizens. American citizenship brings with it duties and obligations as well as privileges and immunities:

Above all, in this connection they should be taught that the supreme authority in this country is the law, and that the first duty of an American citizen is obedience to that law, even though it may seem an unwise or objectionable law; the remedy in the latter case being through constitutional methods to modify or change the law, but that in all cases the first duty of American citizenship is obedience to the law as written.

Some old citizens need to be reminded very forcibly of this if new citizens are expected to believe it. Reversing legal measures by rope or gun is hardly good citizenship. It is cold-blooded murder.

At the International Purity Congress, in session at San Francisco last month, Clifford Roe, president of the American Bureau of Moral Education, announced a new purity plan. The speaker was discussing ways of solving the social evil problem, which is the modern term for impurity:

Some insist the solution must be medical and psychopathic, others say that laws and police only are efficient in the matter, while still others put their whole faith in economic education and social hygiene. While all these are necessary and helpful, the supreme appeal must be greater than all these, it must be appeal to morality—moral education.

In the past our efforts have been largely centered upon the school teacher, the doctor, the lawyer and the minister. Our plan is to bring the facts before the great masses of the people—the farmer, the business man and the laborer.

The message of purity, therefore, is not only preached today from the pulpit, but likewise from the Chautauqua and lecture platform and in club rooms and the auditoriums of great commerce associations.

It is regrettable that the question asked by an old negro, in a Southern city the other day, did not reach the ears of the members of the Purity Congress. Pausing at the edge of a crowd that had gathered around a street-preacher, he turned to his companion with a puzzled expression and queried: "What's the matter with these white folks, anyhow; have they never heard of God?"